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TEMPERANCE

Editorial Foreword

THE NATION is about to turn from an unsuccessful experiment in prohibition to a more hopeful experiment in temperance. We are entering upon this new period of legitimate sale of liquor with no fixed national plan and with divided counsels. We expect varying degrees of restriction in the different states and localities. The menace of a return of the saloon and those ancient evils that were more vicious than even the abuses under prohibition is disturbing us again. Now that co-operation and public control have been overthrown the salvation of the situation is put squarely up to the individual citizen. With personal liberty restored to the individual it is now his patriotic duty to show that he can use it with the sobriety of his Canadian neighbor and the moderation of his Swedish cousin.

Happily, moderation is the watchword of the country. We are flat on our backs as a result of an orgy of excess in which bootleggers and cocktails were only an incident. Crime and reckless driving and the butchery of thousands of our citizens on the highways were more appalling than the exploits of the bootleggers. Overshadowing all other excesses was the extravagance of greed and of spending. Some are asking whether Capone in Atlanta or Insull in Athens is at the safer distance. Happily the era of ballyhoo and abandon seems to have registered its lesson, and in a chastened state of mind we are proceeding hopefully but with caution and self-restraint.

Even the distillers, eager as they are to sell their products, recognize the changed mood of the time and the demand for moderation. A recent advertisement by distillers, in contrast to the urge and ballyhoo of earlier days, reads as follows: "We pledge ourselves to stand, in every phase of our business, for moderation and not abuse — for temperance instead of excess — for the strict observance not merely of legal duty, but of moral duty as well. . . . Will you not join with us, and by using your new freedom wisely and temperately, help to safeguard the privilege which hopeful American men and women now are voting to give into our common care?"

II

IN THIS issue of THE FORUM Under Secretary of State William Phillips records the conditions which he found prevailing for the sale of liquor under government control in various provinces while he was minister to Canada. In the province of Nova Scotia "The normal maximum purchase in a government store is limited to one bottle of spirits, six bottles of light wines, and twenty-four bottles of beer." Mr. Phillips himself makes no comment, but we can

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imagine what a shock such a generous consignment of liquor would give to the peace of mind of an American prohibitionist. To the lover of temperance, on the contrary, Canadian liberality need cause no alarm. Given a week for quiet enjoyment even thirty-one bottles graduated in alcoholic content in this way are not likely to undermine the morale of an average healthy individual or to make of him a menace to his community. Our Canadian neighbors have held steadily before us all these years laudable examples of control of liquor that work as well as human plans may be expected to work. What is more they have shown us a splendid example of sobriety not only in the consumption of liquor but in the moderation of other forms of human behavior. The crime statistics make Canada seem a paradise compared to the States. Canada, too, has indulged far less in economic excess than have we; bank failures are the exception. Canada hopes to emerge from the depression even without the help of a NIRA.

More than to Canada, however, Americans should look to Sweden for the best tested plan for liquor control. Dr. Max Henius of Chicago believes that another Scandinavian country, Denmark, has a program even better adapted for American study than that of Sweden: we hope to hear from Dr. Henius in a future FORUM. Meanwhile, in our March issue your Editor recommended an American Liquor Monopoly not unlike the corporation which has operated so long and so satisfactorily in Sweden. We recommended a national distributing bureau emanating from Washington like the Post Office. This Monopoly would set up dispensing stations throughout the country, subject to the demands of the state or the community in which the dispensary is to be located. In Sweden such dispensaries are centers of social service and instruction in temperate habits. One obvious advantage of adopting such a system at the present time is that liquor would remain under temperance, as it has under prohibition, without the confusion of changing control, in the hands of the federal government.

III

HOWEVER, THE country is not now in a mood for federal control. We must first pass through more years of experiment and confusion. Over a long period of time control by states or by local option is not likely to prove satisfactory. The American continent is too closely knit for scattered control, the state boundaries too easy for the bootlegger to cross, the differences of opinion about liquor, even in homes on the same side of the same village street, are too violent. Eventually we shall have the federal government regulating the flow of spirits again, not, this time, in the interests of prohibition but of temperance

It concerns us all individually to preach and practice temperance, resolute that the sad days of the saloon of which Lillian Wald reminded us in the last issue of THE FORUM are behind us forever. Miss Wald feels as a social worker that the "Four Million" as distinguished from the "Four Hundred" profited under the Eighteenth Amendment. Let the four hundred who worked so earnestly for its repeal now show the four million a good example of sobriety.

Let the consecrated crusaders of both camps, the wets and the drys, now unite in the cause of re-education of the public in the joys of temperance. They can now respect one another. For years Dr. Clarence True Wilson — "the other Clarence," who has so often appeared in public debate with his friend and opponent Clarence Darrow — has toured the continent repeatedly preaching prohibition, and now this year he has fought repeal in stubborn retreat with his back to the last ditch. His zeal has won him the regard not only of friendly Methodists but of hostile wets of every persuasion. Let Dr. Wilson now dedicate his crusading zeal to the cause of temperance. Let him shake hands with Henry Curran and John Raskob and sit on the same temperance committee with them.

Temperance is good taste, a sign of better manners. The perfect gentlemen — the ancient Greeks — had a maxim "nothing in excess" (Μηδὲν ἄγαν). Even in the happy hunting days in England, a gentleman was supposed to be able to "carry his liquor." Perhaps our young people who have been drinking six cocktails at a session in recent years, not because they liked them but to protest in the name of liberty, will decide that temperance is fashionable.

Henry Goddard Leach

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WHAT RELIGION MEANS TO ME

BY VISCOUNTESS NANCY ASTOR

When I was asked to write an article on what my religion means to me my first impulse was to refuse, for it is not easy to write about the things that matter most, especially when, though one may have the "gift of tongues," one certainly has not the gift of written expression. But knowing how my religion has changed my whole life and how little it is understood and how much misrepresented, I decided to have a try, hoping that some doubter, some scoffer, or someone laden and oppressed would look into this religion and perhaps find what I have found — that it is the pearl of great price and that it gives just what Jesus promised to his followers — "life more abundant."

Drawing by Karl Woerner

That is what Christian Science has done for me: it has given me life more abundant in every sense of the word. It has shown me how it was that Jesus did his wonderful works, and why it is that we who have tried to put new wine into old bottles, spirit into matter, have failed to understand these works and therefore have failed to apply our religion to our every problem, as Jesus Christ did.

Many years ago I was ill, and like the woman in the Bible had "suffered many things of many physicians and was nothing bettered but rather grew worse." In fact I was told that I would never really be strong again, that my spirit was too big for my body, and that I must prepare to lead the life of a semi-invalid. Then I began to think hard. I read my Bible with renewed vigor, for I had always read the Bible and I had never doubted God's goodness, though I was beginning to doubt His wisdom in sending His son to heal sin and sickness, if he created all and so created them. It seemed impossible to think of God's goodness and myself and my pain at the same time. I dreaded having to go through life thinking about myself first and last, for that is what my pain made me do. I watched my thinking and never once could I get away from my pains and fears about health. In spite of sickness I really loved life and I longed to use my vitality and energy. Also I was beginning to be puzzled by the appalling inequalities of life and wondered why they were.

Then someone to whom I talked advised me to try Christian Science. They had heard of healing by prayer. I thought anything was better than a "half-alive life," so I asked a Christian Science practitioner if I could be healed by Christian Science without losing my faith in God or my belief in Jesus Christ as the son of God. She smiled and said that Christian Science healing would strengthen my faith in God and give me a better understanding of how Jesus did his mighty works. How right she was! I can never forget the joy of that first flash into my consciousness — that God made neither sin nor sickness; that God created only good, and man in His image and likeness; and that the man of God's creating was spiritual because God was Spirit; that this was the Truth which Jesus Christ said would make us free; this was the good news, the Gospel, that the kingdom of God was within us, within reach of everyone here and now, and that it

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could be found here and now just as Jesus found it two thousand years ago.

I saw that we were not here to serve a sort of apprenticeship to a far-off God and wait for death to get us into heaven, but that now we were the sons of God, and if sons then heirs — not to sickness, sin, and misery but heirs to the Mind which was in Christ Jesus. Then, like Paul, I saw my old theological beliefs drop away, and this new presentation of the Christ message remove fear at once and presently bring me health. It showed me what Jesus meant when he said that the truth would make us free. I had found that there was no freedom so long as one's thoughts were bound by sick beliefs. I began to see what Christian Science means, and the unreality of materialism and evil, and our power to destroy them for ourselves and others here and now, in proportion as we understand God — Spirit.

Far beyond this healing of my own I saw that this new light would help me to understand all human problems. I began to realize that there was a principle behind life, that life was not chance nor fate; and that if I were faithful to this new light, life could be helpful and full, not burdened and limited, as I sometimes had found it.

I began to study the Bible in a way that I had never done before, and I read *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, by Mary Baker Eddy. I compared what Mrs. Eddy said with what Jesus taught, because Mrs. Eddy has told her followers to follow her only in so far as she follows Christ.

II

I BEGAN this study in 1914. Since that time I have had to face many trials, both for myself and others, and I have had to do things which would have seemed humanly impossible; but I have proved my religion to be of use in every kind of situation, be it war or peace, in public or private life. Naturally, like all others who have striven for the Mind which was in Christ Jesus, I have faltered, stumbled, and failed but I have never doubted. I have remembered how the apostles seemed to stumble and fall, yet they pressed on to the "prize of the high calling."

This new sense of the Christ message has made the Bible truly the book of life and far more interesting than any thriller. It has shown me what Paul meant when he said that God had made of one blood all nations. It has made quite clear to me that materially minded men and women don't really unite. Only through spiritual unity can people and nations hope to progress. We who believe this should rejoice and not be afraid in these days of national and industrial distress. Surely we should rejoice that economic laws will no longer stand the strain of breaking the First and Second Commandments. It is as though the laws of God were forcing men into a more universal sense of life and service, proving that equality can come only as the spiritual is lived and loved.

I find Christian Science the greatest help in giving me a true sense of values. It has made me comparatively indifferent to what the world calls its opinions, and yet not indifferent to world problems. It has given me a sense of inward peace and fearlessness. In this fast changing world, I am deeply grateful to have a religion which means everything in the world to me and yet is nothing in the world.

I believe that in another fifty to a hundred years, which after all is not long in a religious movement, the world will see that when Mary Baker Eddy discovered and proved that "All is infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation" she was bringing to the world the Comforter promised by Jesus Christ, and which even now thousands of men and women are proving heals sickness and sin and makes life's burdens light, and which will in due time establish the kingdom of God upon earth by the destruction of all evil.

What my religion means to me, and what I believe to be the great message of Christian Science to the world to-day is epitomized in the following quotation from the Christian Science textbook:

"One infinite God, good, unifies men and nations; constitutes the brotherhood of man; ends wars; fulfils the Scripture, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,' annihilates pagan and Christian idolatry, — whatever is wrong in social, civil, criminal, political, and religious codes; equalizes the sexes; annuls the curse on man, and leaves nothing that can sin, suffer, be punished or destroyed."

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UNCERTAIN SECURITY

Brief Comments on the Securities Act

BY GEORGE E. BATES

DESPITE NUMEROUS statements which have appeared both in support and in adverse criticism of the Federal Securities Act there has, unfortunately, been no real joining of arguments and consequently little opportunity for the lay reader to resolve the issues presented. Proponents have endeavored to reassure the business community with such generality as, "Business honestly conceived and competently administered has nothing to fear and much to gain." Other matters they have implicitly dismissed as involving detail rather than broad principle.

Adverse criticism, which has become increasingly articulate, makes no attack upon the avowed principle of the Act. It maintains that details *are* important, that an objective no matter how laudable is no more than a "good intention" without appropriate means for its accomplishment. They make clear, furthermore, that "appropriate" does not comprehend means analogous to the headache remedy of amputation, however effective.

Test of the unsupported conclusion that honest and competently managed business has nothing to fear is of the essence. While there is fair accord upon the principles involved, their practical application to business realities causes deep concern. The Act does not stop with their accomplishment, furthermore, but goes much further, and seldom proceeds either clearly or consistently.

Reasonable clarity and consistency are minimum standards for legal drafting, and have never fettered courts in adapting legislation to changing conditions. Inability to find competent counsel who can interpret into a workable and consistent whole the obscure and ambiguous provisions of the Act may well cause honest and responsible business to hesitate.

The Act so bristles with ambiguity and uncertainty that in selecting examples one is embarrassed by choices and made fearful that citation of a mere two or three, rather than spreading to view the whole number, will leave the impression of a teapot tempest over "details."

A committee is formed (in some cases it acts gratuitously) to solicit deposits of maturing bonds to exchange for other bonds in connection with a refunding program. Deposits are to be made with fiscal or transfer agents. The committee itself effects no exchanges. Yet the members of the committee, the fiscal agents, and the transfer agents may be held "underwriters" under the Act. If they are, they are liable for the whole issue either in rescission or damages of unspecified amount. This is a liability in addition to the possible liability of directors. The Act is drawn so vaguely and broadly as to include or exclude them, depending upon the point of view and temperament of various interpreters.

A company desires to carry the risk of selling its own securities and to manage their distribution through local dealers or brokers who would merely confirm sales for a small commission. While such dealers are exempt from liability as "underwriters" if some "underwriter" intervenes between them and the issuer, in the above instance they would probably be held "underwriters" under the Act and so liable for the whole issue. The language of the Act is so inapt that many unwary persons acting in good faith may be held for untold damages.

A dealer buys securities from an "underwriter" for resale at a normal selling commission. One provision of the Act would lead to the inference that such a dealer was not an "underwriter," another provision is so obscurely worded that it is nowise clear, and a third implies that he would be an "underwriter" (and so liable on the entire issue).

The term "public offer" is in itself sufficiently vague (though probably not susceptible

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to statutory definition), but there is no consistency in its use throughout the Act. Other and more vague terminology is substituted and the word "public" is frequently omitted with reference to "offer," so that the "point of take-off" of the Act probably is not the *public* offering.

Upon one highly important point there has already been conflict between two of the highest authorities yet to interpret the Act. The Act provides that those entitled to sue may bring suit "either (1) to recover the consideration paid for such security with interest thereon, less the amount of any income received thereon, upon the tender of such security, or (2) for damages if the person suing no longer owns the security." The problem relates to the measure of those damages. Are the "damages" analogous to the rescission permitted to those owning the security? According to one of the reputed authors of the bill they apparently are, for he says, "Since the remedy is in the nature of a rescission, it avoids the inquiry, practically impossible, as to the extent of the damages due to the misrepresentation and the extent due to other causes." On the other hand, the Federal Trade Commission takes the view that the damages recoverable must flow from "material, misleading, or inadequate statements" as distinguished from "trading losses." Though either of these views may be given weight they are not controlling. The Commission has no jurisdiction to interpret such provisions of the Act. That function rests in the courts. Nor is there certainty of uniformity in holding one way or the other, for interpretation is to come not only from the federal but all the state courts.

If the former view should be held, a multiplicity of suits might result in claims far in excess of the original issue price. The amount of damages recoverable by any one plaintiff is clearly limited to the price at which the security was offered to the public. Thus the original purchaser of 10 shares at $100 each could recover no more than $1,000. Those shares might, however, pass through several hands, and if market fluctuations were wide several purchasers of the same shares might sustain losses which in the aggregate would considerably exceed $1,000. Thus an "underwriter" who sold $100,000 of securities out of a $10,000,000 issue for a gross profit of $3,000 would not only be liable for the entire $10,000,000 but conceivably for many times that amount.

The immediate point is to urge merely the desirability of specifying in advance the measure of risk. All risks cannot be resolved into certainty, but if the general range of risks remains hazy the psychology of those whose assets back the venture degenerates from caution to fear. One can understand and appreciate this psychology of business men who, because of the statute's uncertain meaning, may be submitting themselves as guinea pigs for an experiment which seems wholly unnecessary and may be wholly disastrous to them.

It is safe to assume that in a decade or two the courts would resolve most of the uncertainties. Courts have the habit of pumping common sense into vague and uncertain legislation. But the interim can be beneficial solely to the legal profession. When Congress can do in a day what it will take years for courts to accomplish, Congress should act.

It seems an essentially simple matter to accomplish the general purpose of the Act (in so far as legislation may be effective). In fact it is. It has been made complicated by the Securities Act, however, in a way that promises to defeat the fundamental purposes.

Within the limits of this article it is no more feasible to discuss all the provisions which cause concern to honest and competent business men than to cite all the ambiguities and inconsistencies. A few examples may suffice to indicate some of the difficulties.

The director whose company contemplates the issuance of securities has the alternative of accepting the responsibilities imposed by the Act or of resigning. If the honest director of financial substance is not driven to the latter course by the inability of competent counsel to advise him with any degree of certainty, he may well be when he learns that, if in the registration any fact was misstated or any fact was omitted and required to be stated, or necessary not to make statements made misleading, and it was "material," he would be subject to liability for the entire issue unless he could prove, not only (as in the English Companies Act) that he had reasonable ground to believe and did believe the statements to be true, but also that they were adequate and that in many instances his reasonable ground for belief was

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founded upon the reasonable *investigation* (not *care*) required of a fiduciary. Counsel would probably advise him, however, that strategically most initial suits would be brought against the issuer, rather than directors or others, because the issuer could not avail itself of the defense that reasonable investigation had been made. This would not be true, however, if the issuer were insolvent; and, furthermore, if the issuer passed into other hands, it might seek to recover contribution from directors and others made liable.

Such advice would meet with the variety of responses which might be expected from directors in differing positions. The director and manager of a small company would not find onerous the duty of thorough investigation. Neither would the directors of even large companies the nature of whose business made verification of all required statements relatively simple. "Investment trusts" might be cited as falling within this category — and it is significant to note that securities of such investment companies to date comprise the bulk of registrations under the Act (to the concern of many who look upon them as the chief class of "manufactured" securities of recent years, as providing but little new capital to industry, and as a class of securities in which investors have lost no less and possibly more money than in many others). The promotional enterprises whose complexities do not arise until the stage of operation is reached constitute another example — and such enterprise accounts for the next largest group of registrations (and no class is subject to greater risk for the investor).

It is the director of the large going-concern, especially in the industrial field, who will become most alarmed. Even the director who is also an officer-employee and engaged in the actual conduct of operations will have qualms. The other directors whose duties realistically are to pass only upon questions of major policy will feel that they cannot expect compensation for the investigation required, aside from the tremendous risk assumed. The risk might be that a jury deciding in the light of hindsight would hold that a given contract was "made, not in the ordinary course of business," that it was "material," and that the reasonable investigation required of a fiduciary should have disclosed it as such. If competently advised, this type of director will elect the alternative of resigning.

One of the purported authors of the Act writes that, "The civil remedies of the Securities Act are correlated to the standards of responsibility and competence to be exacted." We are given no clue, however, to whence those standards were derived; it is certain that they spring from neither the Companies Act nor experience with business realities, in view of the undiscriminating responsibility placed upon a host of widely dissimilar persons under the blanket of "underwriters." Mention has been made of the probable inclusion thereunder of protective committee members, brokers, and fiscal agents. Among the securities merchants themselves there is discrimination only between "underwriters" and "dealers" (in one instance "brokers" are separated from "dealers"), and as has been indicated this distinction is none too clear. As between classes of "underwriters" there is none. The Companies Act confines liability of investment bankers, as such, to those authorizing the issue of the prospectus, thus avoiding the complexity and difficulty introduced by the Securities Act.

A prospective "underwriter" in St. Louis, willing and able to underwrite the sale of $50,000 of bonds for a commission of from $250 to $2,000, obviously cannot afford to duplicate the investigation made by the "underwriter" originating the issue. His gross profit is not large enough to justify either the investigation or the risk which would yet remain after investigating if the issuer conducted other than a very simple business or operated at a distance. His practical opportunities for investigating are much less than those of directors, yet he is held to the same standard. They are infinitely less than those of the "underwriter" originating the issue, who is in direct contact with the issuer and actually makes the investigation upon which the offering is based.

Underwriters of this latter sort who originate the issues or are in close relationship with the issuers and are thus in a position to make the required investigations (most responsible originating houses would make far more searching investigations than are probably called for in the Act) will feel relatively free from liability on the registration statement.

The insufficiency of their capital to provide for the underwriting needs of industry without

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the distribution of risk accomplished through sub-underwriting of large issues by several hundred such houses as the hypothetical St. Louis underwriter mentioned above, however, may sharply curtail their business and place upon the issuer or some other agency the functions of security underwriting and distribution.

The twenty-day "waiting period" inserted between the filing and effective dates for registration of an issue likewise will affect the ability of an issuer to obtain real underwriting. It may be administratively useful for a superficial check of the completeness of statements, but it would seem that other more effective safeguards had been provided for the investor. It is naïve to assume that such a "waiting period" would be of much direct benefit to the class of small investors for whose protection the Act was primarily designed. They would undertake neither the initiative nor the expense of getting the information during that period, and issuers or underwriters, even were there no risk of their being made liable as soliciting offers to buy, would not send them advance prospectuses if they considered that their securities would not stand such scrutiny or that selling "pressure" should be applied at the time of offering.

As "dealers" rather than "underwriters" under the Act, security merchants and brokers incur innumerable legal risks and are bound by restrictive provisions entailing added business risks. Most of the legal risks apply to "any person who sells" as well as the "dealer." When selling (in interstate commerce or the mails, as elsewhere in the Act) such a security as a railroad bond exempt from registration he apparently must, if he makes any representations, be prepared to give essentially all the data required for a registration statement and to exercise reasonable care lest material facts be misstated or omitted if necessary not to make those made misleading. (His liability, however, is limited to those to whom he sells.) Unless the security is obtained from the issuer who can supply this information, risk of making representations will be prohibitive. The seller must be in a position to make a full and accurate statement or say nothing. Intermediate declarations are hazardous. Such a requirement would involve little difficulty were periodic reports required of all issuers, past and future, but no such basis is laid for representation which may be made by dealers or casual sellers.

Even these random observations, which might be multiplied almost endlessly before exhausting every incidence of the Securities Act upon the delicately adjusted business organism, should indicate that honestly and competently conducted business has much to fear.

Honesty and mere competence are not the criteria of the Act. Civil liability is imposed upon persons who act in good faith and not negligently. Were there greater certainty in determining what are the "material facts," the liability imposed would be less onerous, but the Securities Act goes beyond the Companies Act, quite properly perhaps, and imposes liability not only for untrue statements but for omissions of material facts — obviously matters of judgment. The nebulous question of materiality to be judged long after the event with little predictability of result may well cause honest directors and bankers of substance to hesitate before assuming the terrific penalties imposed.

It would seem reasonable to suppose that "fraudulent" securities could be attacked with penalties for fraud, and that "recklessly issued" securities could be controlled similarly by penalties for failure to exercise due care. The shrapnel introduced by the Act to kill foxes is very likely to kill the geese. Such was the effect of the Bubble Act in England of which Berle wrote, "Legitimate business suffers, illegitimate business goes right on. The crook will take a chance of being indicted; the honest man will hesitate to move."

For normal business to continue, the ambiguity in the Act should immediately be removed by Congress. Uncertainty can but deter the process of business rehabilitation.

In the second place the penalties imposed should be appraised anew. The present ones supply deterrents out of all proportion to the requirements of the situation. Standards for those held responsible should be gauged to capacity and ability to measure up to them.

A realistic approach to the problem of amendment will preserve the general principles of the Act and resolve it into a practicable and workable system that will accord with the desire of the President as expressed to Congress, "The purpose of the legislation I suggest is to protect the public with the least possible interference to honest business."

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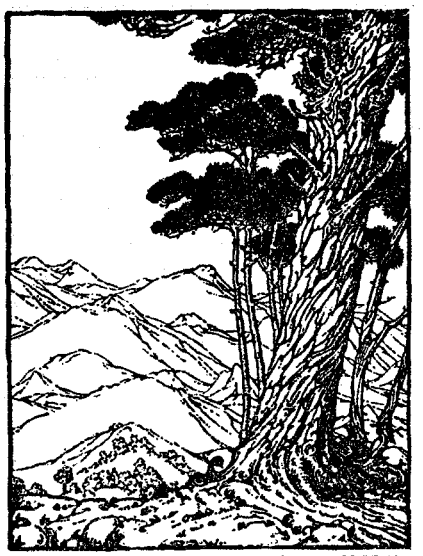

Drawing by Dugald Walker

A PLACE OF YOUNG PINES

Up here in the house it is like a battlefield
Where I struggle forever with myself
And am only victorious by defeating myself.

Here too come voices and passions,
All that would urge me against myself
And draw out the wearisome conflict.
All things uncertain and unhappy,
All that is noisy, assault me here.

But sometimes I step from my room,
Walking quietly so that none shall hear me,
And go and stand in a place of young pines.

In winter it roars with living waters,
But now in summer it is dried up and silent.
Where ran the water lie polished stones
And nooks of clean brown sand,
And above that are the stiff dead pine needles
And the rough stems of the young pines.

They are so still, they live so contentedly,
Holding the hard rock, going down into darkness,
And lifting such gay green plumes to the sun.
They do not argue, they do not talk of success,
And if they want to excel it is only in growing.

So for a little time I stand among the pines
Above the clean dry watercourse
Where all sounds are hushed, all conflict still.
There I am at peace, there I am at one with all things.
But up here I am not at peace,
Never truly and wholly at one with all things.
And for that I yearn — to be at one, to be at peace.

Down there among the pines I am at peace:
Not questioning I accept and am accepted,
And live in peace of life.
But up here I doubt if there is peace of life:
And sorrowfully and in dismay I question,
Asking if what I seek is not rather peace of death,
The lapse, the going forth, the peace
After all the waters have passed beneath the pines.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

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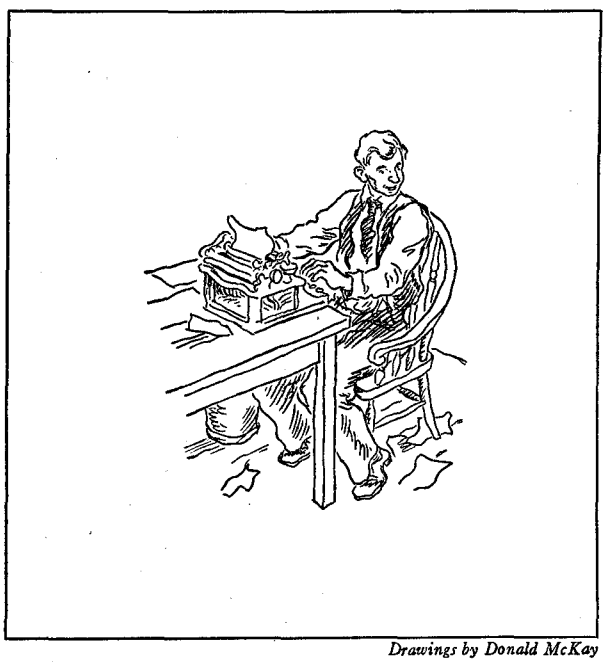
THE AMERICAN MIND IN LITERATURE

BY MARY M. COLUM



Drawings by Donald McKay

THE INTELLIGENT reader demands two things from a book — one that it should entertain and absorb him and the other that it should in some way intensify his life, give him some wider sense of human experience than ordinarily comes his way. No matter what any pedant or theorist says, this is the basis of all sound literary criticism and all real literary appreciation: if these primary considerations are allowed to get snowed under by a welter of alien theories it is bad for both reader and writer; for the reader stops regarding literature as one of the desirable experiences of life, and the writer suffers from a lack of response. At present there are two terribly disintegrating forces in literature: one is what a French critic has called "the mania for argumentation which is the mark of ill-trained and disorderly minds," and the other is that too many people have attached themselves to the production of books, people who in ages when the psychic needs of humanity were more amply filled would have been occupying the village pulpit or carving gnomes in wood or fitting pieces of marble into cathedral floors or making tapestries or lace. Now there are too few artistic outlets, and so an inordinate number of men and women go in for some branch of writing. Literature is one of those activities which is not improved by the number of people who work at it. The intellectual and spiritual inheritance of mankind is not large, and can really stand being worked only by people who can add to it; and it is sure to suffer if over a long space of time a large number of persons are permitted to use any of this inheritance to give themselves ordinary, everyday self-expression.

In addition to these disintegrating forces there are a couple of major or minor curses: one is the prevalence of literary cliques and cénacles in every metropolis, each group with its own greatest novelist, greatest poet, greatest critic; the second is the number of people who, not having sowed their intellectual wild oats by attaching themselves to a cause with passion and generosity "in the laughing splendor of their youth," now in the middle thirties or forties go after one with bad temper and intolerance. To-day a writer might spend a fair portion of his life writing a significant book as Hervey Allen has done in *Anthony Adverse* and not be sure but that it will be judged by the professional critics as it does or does not exemplify some social theory. One can start reading a review in certain publications and halfway down find oneself entangled in a discourse on Marxism or capitalism, just as a few years ago one might have found oneself entangled in a discourse on humanism. Political and ethical opinions are excellent for the character and for giving a regulating idea to one's life, but as a means of judging a book never have been nor ever can be of real value.

Of course the demands that a reader makes on

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a book for amusement and intensification of life will be high-grade or low-grade according to his intellectual, imaginative, and emotional powers and to the training that these powers have received. Now judging by the best sellers I deliberately make the statement that the demands of the American reading public on literature are high-grade. Of course the reading public in any country represents a small fraction of the population; on the vast majority a new book makes no more real impression than a statement of the theory of relativity. *Anthony Adverse* is what is known as a best seller — that is, its sales in America are probably around one hundred fifty thousand — and if each copy is read by four or five people that means that it reaches roughly one-half of one per cent of the population.

A New Objectivity

A work of genius may be a best seller in its own time — in fact every work of genius has in it elements that should give it a wide circulation in its own or over a long space of time, or both together. It is necessary to say this because there are a number of readers who regard a book as they would a dress or an ornamental piece of merchandise and consider that it cannot possibly be high-grade if it has a wide distribution — that a best-seller cannot possibly be literature. Now Allen's *Anthony Adverse* and Bromfield's *The Farm* are both works of literature; they are even landmarks in American letters; but whether they have in them that perennial element which makes long-lasting literature is another question and one that really need not concern us very much at the moment. It is enough to know that a novel of such variety, such vitality, such imaginative sweep as *Anthony Adverse* has not been written in English since Smollett or Scott; it represents a combination of both Scott and Smollett.

We were all unutterably wearied of people writing about themselves, their own emotions, their own personal experiences. This novel of Hervey Allen's is a break with that worn-out subjectivism and may be the start of a new objectivism. It shows that the myth-making power which was thought by many to have passed out of literature needed only the man and the moment to come back with its old appeal to mankind. The book's communication with life, its sympathy with strong emotion, with great adventure, restores to men a dignity that has been taken from them in so much of literature since the war. The love affair between Anthony's father and mother — the Irish officer Denis Moore and Maria the Scotch merchant's daughter — represents love as what it essentially is, a metaphysical reality with a physical expression; and the account of the slow-growing consciousness of the baby Anthony, bound with bandages to his backboard, is like the beginning of a world, the first chapter in the history of mankind. Indeed, throughout the narrative one feels that one is reading such a history, for there pass through the pages all the typical figures that humanity has produced — the hero, the lover, the priest, the warrior, the adventurer, the explorer, and in addition the minor types peculiar to the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Like many contemporary Americans Hervey Allen too has discovered that the French and Spanish material of this country — the early Spanish conquests and the French missions and explorations — are a rich vein for literature. The use of this material from American history brings abundance, contrast, color, and humanity into what has been up to our time a lonely and somewhat inhuman literature, as was all that dominated by the New England mind.

New England Over-refined

The loneliness and inhumanity of that literature — a great literature, let it be said — and of the New England intellectual mind never had a better revelation than comes out of the journals of Gamaliel Bradford, who seems himself to be almost a character out of a Hawthorne novel. His was not the New England mind at its most vigorous; what in the early settlers was a sharp aridity like dry wine and an intellectual sensuality becomes in their highly literate descendant an over-refinement, an over-gentility, a flight from life as from something dangerous. Nothing could better illustrate the difference between the life of a real writer and that of a librarian who wrote books than a comparison between the outline of the life of Hervey Allen which appears on the cover of *Anthony Adverse* and the life and character of Bradford which emerges from these

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journals. The life of one was an adventure as a soldier, student, teacher, and wanderer, dotted with an occasional piece of published writing until about the age of thirty-five, when with a full mind and the knowledge he had gleaned from living he settled down to "write out true the life he lived, the dream he knew." Bradford on the other hand from the age of nineteen, when his *Journal* begins, to the age of sixty-eight, when he died, arranged his life so that he could get in as much reading as possible; his *Journal* is simply the history of the books he read and of the books he himself was to write from the matter drawn from these books. He was only occasionally conscious that literature was about life — was a thrust from life. His shrinking from life and from his fellow men was the more easily possible for him because he had inherited a comfortable house and income. At the same time he burned with a passion for glory and success: he was too shrewd a Yankee not to appreciate both money and success and, having one, he longed for the other. The schedule of his day as he tells us of it has the inhumanity of an ant's schedule of work. He wrote until half-past eleven in the morning. Then, whether he felt like it or not, he read poetry for half an hour; and he divided this reading into a systematic arrangement of authors and literatures, each having his own period in the month. The few minutes before lunch he gave to "the delicious reperusal" of his own work. After lunch he played the piano for half an hour; for fifteen minutes he read four pages of Shakespeare; and so this incredible schedule goes on. The literary criticism with which this journal is crammed is most of it of limited interest: it is of an academic nature and belongs to an age when literary criticism was a branch of pedagogy.

Mr. Mencken is quoted on the cover as saying in effect that it was Bradford who discovered the method for which Lytton Strachey got all the credit. This is nonsense. Bradford's method was taken over from Sainte-Beuve, whose work he studied all his life and some of whose portraits he read until he knew them almost by heart. Strachey's method was a combination of Sainte-Beuve and Gibbon to which he added his own individual if not first-rate intellect and temperament; he never got anything from Bradford. Bradford's vogue began with his *American Portraits* and this vogue coincided with a period when America, becoming conscious of the great figure she was going to cut in the future of the world, began prematurely to long for a past. In his *Portraits* he presented the country with some picturesque characterizations out of that past. He himself was a link with history: he was a descendant of Governor Bradford of Plymouth; he was a grand-nephew of Sarah Ripley of Concord; his mother was the daughter of the partner of Daniel Webster; and all of this along with his *Portraits* will doubtless give him his niche in American literary history. A curiously distinctive figure, he was possible only in America; in America possible only in New England; and in New Engand possible only within easy reach of Boston. A sort of museum piece, he yet gives out a curious flavor of life like a character in a book, like a character out of Hawthorne; he seems in fact a sort of blood relative of the New England Willingdons in Louis Bromfield's *The Farm*.

The Evolution of the Frontier

Despite his revolt against the New England values and the New England tradition, Bromfield himself is intellectually the product of that tradition. In his book there is the bleak loneliness and meagerness that is in all New England writing and that ruthless power of disinterested social criticism that is New England's intellectual legacy to America, and which is not at all a quality of the western states. *The Farm* is in form a fictional autobiographical narrative with almost no dialogue, and though the style is simple and direct, the technique is very subtle, and is related to that modern French method called *unanimisme*, where the ideal is to reveal the psychology of a crowd, and where there is no particular hero. It is the picture of a whole society in a pioneer community for over a hundred years. Johnnie, the descendant of the original group of people who travel from Maryland to Ohio, is rather a commentator on the life the author essays to reveal than the hero of the book. The characters have the veracity of a history: these pioneer men and women are drawn with a psychological power possible only to a man sunk in the life he describes and moved and molded by it as

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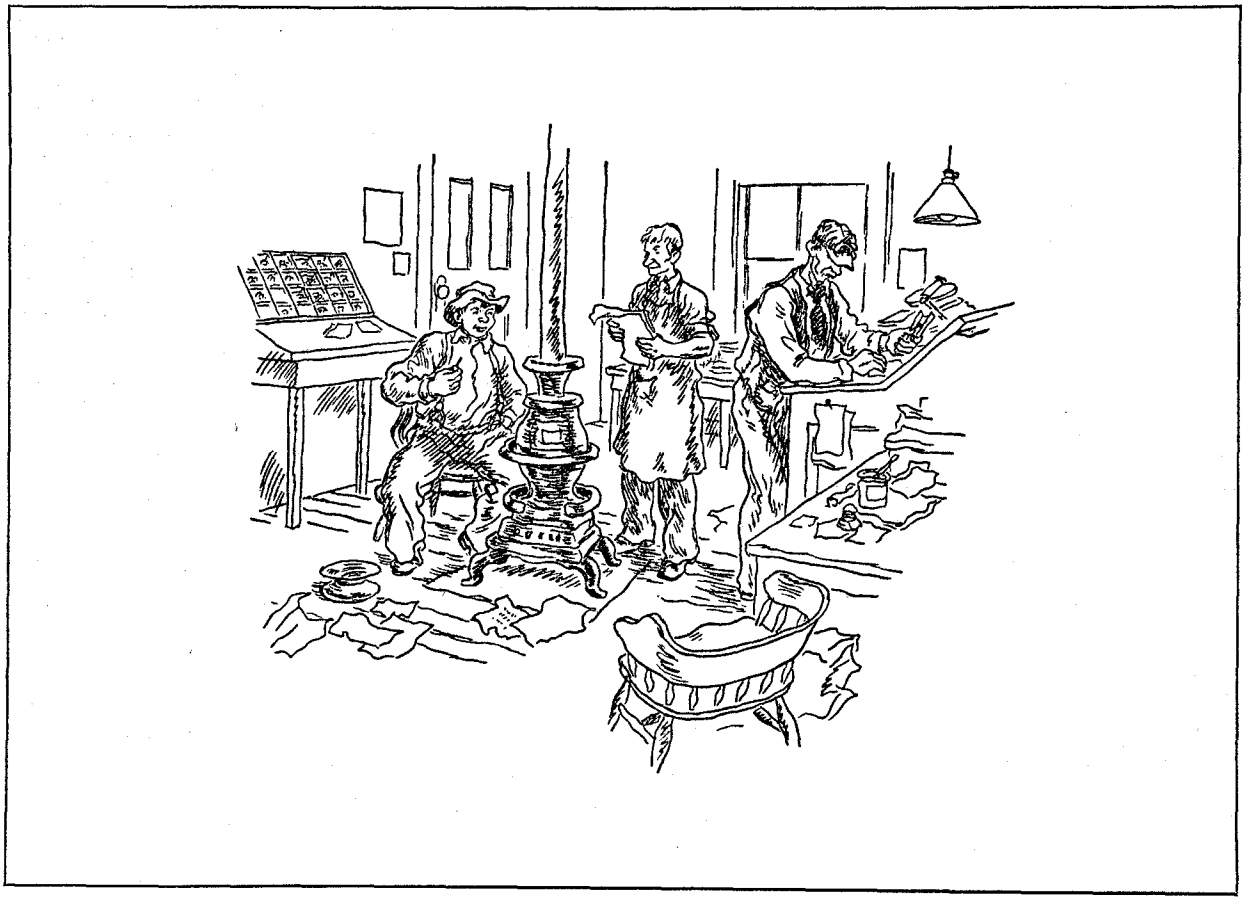

Bromfield seems to have been. Perhaps his portraits of the pioneer women have more truth than the pious depictions to which we have been accustomed. The violent Marianna, the wife of Thomas Willingdon, with whom "he slept in a welter of hate and passion for fifty-seven years" — at the end arranging the bedclothes each night so as to keep their hated bodies from touching each other — confused love with a sense of ownership and so maimed forever the character of her son. She seems to be one of the types of pioneer women that are emerging from the works of the younger writers — she is own sister to the woman in Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel* who served and enslaved everybody with whom she was connected. Apart from its value as literature *The Farm* is a social document of great value: in it we can view the past that has produced the present America; we see how the dominant ideas were evolved, how the problems that harass the present generation came into being; it is even a help to understanding the kind of mind behind a certain type of literature.

From this same pioneer stock described by Louis Bromfield, from that same Ohio with its materialism and rationalization sprang Hart Crane, who ended his short life by jumping into the sea from a ship on which he was returning from Mexico over a year ago. His ancestors had gone west from New England in covered wagons, and all the life described in *The Farm* and in addition the whole New England inheritance with all its loneliness was in his bones. Of all contemporary American poets he has been the most extravagantly praised by certain other poets. Good poets have to be good critics, but poetry in this country is reviewed too exclusively by poets, and the very intensity of their gift is likely to give them an inclination to praise most highly work that has points of resemblance to their own. So it happened that Hart Crane was intensely admired in one group and ignored in others. He was hard to read for those whose poetry-reading had been confined to the rather facile lyricism of the nineteen tens or twenties, and in comparison with his rich sense of language and his intellectual power he was, emotionally, meagerly endowed. He did not seem to be driven toward his subjects by an urge from within, but rather by deliberate intention, as if he were setting himself a theme. *The Bridge*,

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though there is in it some of the most fascinating poetry written in contemporary America, has about its whole structure the air of having been willed (*voulu*, as the French say). One might describe him as the most determinedly American poet of our time; he wanted to be a great American poet, wanted America to express itself through him as he thought it had done through Walt Whitman, and to achieve this ambition he was inclined to will his subjects. It has been said that he was influenced by the French symbolists; and though their poetry, in which will and deliberateness played so great a part, has a strong fascination for Americans, I doubt very much if Crane was really affected by it. Where the symbolists all followed Verlaine's advice about eloquence which was to "wring its neck," Hart Crane actually restored eloquence as poetic force. *The Bridge* contains passages of an eloquence so magnificent that it makes us remember that in the Beginning was the Word and that that Word was not written but was spoken by a voice which came shattering through chaos. Even the purely lyric portions of his work have this eloquence:

O, like the lizard in the furious noon,
That drops his legs and colors in the sun.
— And laughs, pure serpent, Time itself, and moon
Of his own fate, I saw thy change begun!

And saw thee dive to kiss that destiny
Like one white meteor, sacrosanct and blent
At last with all that's consummate and free
There, where the first and last gods keep thy tent.

Mr. Crane, Miss Stein, and Expression

It can be said for Hart Crane that he was one of the dozen or so important American poets of his time, one of those who foreshadow an American literature which gives signs that it may yet be the greatest of all modern literatures. Crane, too, played his part in that movement which is concerned with the renovation of language, and was one of the signers of the "Manifesto" which *Transition*, the organ of that movement, issued. Among the claims made in this document was the right of the writer to use words of his own fashioning and to "disintegrate the primal matter of words imposed on him by textbooks and dictionaries." It was also announced at the end of the "Manifesto" that "the writer expresses, he does not communicate"; and the last sentence was, "The plain reader be damned."

Gertrude Stein, whose *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* happens to be written in comprehensible English is one of the leaders of this movement which "expresses" but "does not communicate." The characteristic work in her *Portraits*, her *Tender Buttons* is said to be derived from the technique of painting, and to exercise a hypnotic power on the reader. I give here an average sample of it so that the plain reader may try it on himself. This particular piece is *Portrait of Guillaume Apollinaire:*

Give known or pin ware.
Fancy teeth, gas strips.
Elbow elect, sour stout pore, pore caesar, pour state at.
Leave eye lessons I Leave I lessons I Leave I Lessons I.

I confess that this *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* is the first work of Gertrude Stein that I have ever been able to understand, and I commend the ingenuity of it to any one who wants to write a book praising himself and making himself the unabashed hero. It would have been difficult for Gertrude Stein without being accused of lunacy to have said in the first person that she herself is one of the three great modern geniuses, but it is simple to make Alice say it naïvely. There is little use in surmising whether or not the latter is a real person. Alice is nothing in the book but a lay figure. For the rest this autobiography like so many others is gossip about its author and about the celebrities she has met, but it is very interesting gossip and covers the whole movement of modern painting in France. Most of the celebrities are famous painters and so are more colorful than social celebrities. Miss Stein herself emerges as a very intelligent woman, easily flattered, with a lot of physical energy, and a certain amount of American Rotarianism; but a woman who was undoubtedly a good art critic and probably a picture-dealer of genius.

It is interesting to note that all these books, with the exception of Hervey Allen's, are still, even in the revolt they display, dominated by the New England mind. Still there are signs that this strain like all the others is becoming dissolved in the melting-pot which is modern America, and that some new type of literature is emergent.

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LIQUOR CONTROL IN CANADA

BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS

Under Secretary of State

Scissor cut by Hunt Diederich *Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum*

EVER SINCE the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment became something more than a rosy vision of the future it has been common to hear eager opponents of prohibition refer importantly to "the Canadian plan" of liquor control. The inference in the remark is usually one of confidence — Canada has solved the problem; let us tread her footsteps. It is unfortunate perhaps but true nevertheless that probably not a tenth of the persons who venture to mention Canada in this connection have more than a hazy notion of what actually is the so-called Canadian plan. The late Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana once remarked that all the people who came to Washington fairly bursting to tell the country's legislators of the virtues in the Canadian method were unaccountably reduced to silence or incoherence when pressed for details. Hence it has seemed to me that a few facts on what has been going on in Canada may not be amiss.

In the first place, as far as sweeping statements about the "Canadian plan" are concerned, we can dismiss them at once with the simple assertion that there is no such thing, nationally speaking. Liquor control in Canada is entirely in the hands of the individual provinces; naturally these have not adopted uniform ways of dealing with the problem, any more than we should expect our own forty-eight states to legislate uniformly on the question if the power to deal with it should be returned to them. But as a return of this power now seems probable within a month, our situation becomes directly analagous to that of Canada.

There was never a national prohibition act in Canada. It is, however, doubtful that this fact has much bearing on the comparison of the situation there with that in the United States, for all of the Canadian provinces adopted blanket prohibitory legislation during the war — roughly at the same time that the Eighteenth Amendment was ratified. All of them, too, came to the realization that such drastic measures were far from perfect in operation about the same time that we in the United States began to see the final failure of our own plan — along in the middle nineteen twenties. The difference is that it has taken us until 1933 — possibly until 1934 — to accomplish a change; in Canada each province modified its legislation as its voters demanded, and expeditely. There was no stiff machinery of constitutional amendment to set in motion.

The Canadian provinces were influenced in modifying their prohibition legislation chiefly by the same general considerations which have prevailed in this country. There under prohibition the bootlegger flourished as he has in the United States. If he did not become linked so spectacularly and openly with organized crime of all sorts it is probably because the Canadian people stepped in to stop him — as we did not. Drinking among young people was thought to have increased; in general Canadian social conditions paralleled those of the United States during the flamboyant post-war period. Finally, the loss of revenue from liquor taxation was felt. This was probably not so great a consideration in the repeal of Canadian provincial prohibition as it is with us, but only because modification was there accomplished before the great depression set in.

My first-hand knowledge of liquor control in

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Canada is confined to the eastern provinces. These however are a fairly representative selection, including as they do Ontario and Quebec, which have great urban centers of population, as well as the more largely rural districts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The problems of enforcement of existing legislation are substantially the same in these sections as we may assume they will be in most of our states when the Eighteenth Amendment shall be no more. There is, however, in eastern Canada a percentage of the population of French ancestry that is not approximated in the United States — a portion of the people whose inherited attitude toward the use of alcoholic beverages may be somewhat more realistic than that of the bulk of our own population. But if the attitude of American citizens is such as seriously to obstruct the normal operation of reasonable liquor-control laws, then I think there is but one place to lay the blame for it — namely, on the unfortunate circumstances that combined to keep an intolerable and an unenforceable restriction on the American people during a period which saw unprecedented violation of the restriction and easy contempt for the process by which it was maintained and ineffectually carried out. And for this attitude — if it be shown to exist — there can be but a single remedy: an educational program designed to build a generation more amenable to reason and rational procedure — an educational program such as the province of Nova Scotia is to-day supporting.

There is, however, one other problem of enforcement that I did not encounter in my survey of eastern Canada and which will probably present itself in more than one instance after the repeal of prohibition in this country. This is the question of a state which continues its own prohibition legislation but which adjoins a state where some form of modified control is in practice. There is no province in eastern Canada to-day with complete prohibition, except the isolated Prince Edward Island, and this problem does not exist, although there is paradoxically enough a good deal of smuggling from the United States over the border into the medium-dry province of Ontario and the only-slightly-dry province of Quebec. How the hypothetically dry state of Kansas, for example, will prevent smuggling over its border from the hypothetically wet state of Missouri is something that these states themselves will have to work out.

II

Of the four provinces of eastern Canada that I visited, Quebec has the most liberal control laws, possibly as a result of its relatively greater Gallic population. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are next in liberality, though for different reasons. The former has been concerned principally with increasing its revenue, while the latter has embarked on an extensive campaign of temperance education. Ontario has gone furthest in its measure of control; it has in fact devised a system which might conceivably be called paternalistic and which, after the debacle of federal paternalism in this country, few states are likely to adopt. It is nevertheless a decidedly interesting plan and one well worth consideration.

The Ontario plan has two main principles: the elimination of private profit from the sale of liquor and the control of individual consumption by licensing. To accomplish the first, the sale of spirits — whisky, gin, brandy — is limited strictly to government stores. Brewery warehouses may act as agents of the government in the sale of beer. Big bootleggers have been largely driven out of business by the profitless prices prevailing in the government stores. The sale of grain alcohol is forbidden. In addition, a measure of purely local autonomy is allowed its citizens by the provincial government, for the Liquor Control Board will establish a government store or stores only in those towns where the inhabitants have indicated their desire for such action.

But the most characteristic feature of the Ontario plan is the individual liquor permit. This license is issued to residents in good standing who have lived in one community in the province for not less than a month. (Tourists and visitors are subject to special regulations.) There are two classes of resident permits, one allowing the purchase of spirits, wines, and beers in limited quantities (fee $2), and the other permitting the purchase of wines and beers only (fee $1). These permits are non-transferable. They bear the name of the holder, his address, his condition (married or single), his occupation, and the name and address of

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his employer. Permits are numbered and signed by the licensee. They have several ruled pages, in the manner of bank-books, and every purchase of liquor is entered as to date, quantity, value, store at which purchased, and identity of vendor. The value column is totaled at the foot of each page so that the holder as well as the vendor can see at a glance precisely how much the former is spending on alcoholic beverages.

Residents under twenty-one are not entitled to liquor permits. A further (and very interesting) restriction refuses permits to those under twenty-five who live with their parents. This regulation was instituted in order that sons and daughters should not be able to bring liquor into the home of teetotaling parents. Finally, permits are not issued to persons guilty of previous abuses of the control laws.

A very careful check is kept by each store of each transaction made, and the record of each day's sales goes to headquarters at the close of business hours. Government inspectors may appear at any moment to examine the books and the stock.

When the permit system was first introduced there was no requirement that the value of the goods in dollars should be entered in the permit. The commission however came to the conclusion that if the holder of a permit could see at a glance exactly how much of his weekly income he was spending on liquor, it would be a powerful check on over-expending. Moreover, it was considered that it would be very difficult for a man to keep his permit concealed from his wife — another factor tending to keep his liquor expenses down to a reasonable minimum. I found that the government clerks themselves make frequent use of their power to refuse sales. If a buyer looks poor, and if his permit shows that he has been buying freely from other stores, he will be refused. It is immediately obvious that the vendor must be a man of experience and judgment, for much importance attaches to the manner in which such a refusal is made as well as to the decision whether it should be made at all. Store managers are bound to see that in the case of a refusal, the reasons for it are explained, and in as kindly a manner as possible. To arouse hostility on the part of buyers would be fatal to the system.

Business hours of the government stores are not fixed, but may be adapted to the needs of the sections in which they are located. Such adaptation is effected with an eye to the prevention of bootlegging which might result should the stores be closed at times when much trade is available.

Any purchase of an amount of twelve bottles or more must be approved by the store manager after an examination of the purchaser's permit and an inquiry into the reasons for the size of the purchase. While the average is about one and a half quarts, it is not thought wise to establish a definite limit to apply in all cases, because the bootlegger would be bound to thrive on a certain amount of the surplus trade above any maximum that might be fixed.

I visited a good many of the government stores in Ontario, and was impressed by the neatness and efficiency of operation of all of them. In one store I watched a well-dressed man present an order for a case of champagne, which is considered in excess of normal requirements. The man's permit was brought to the manager while I was chatting at his desk. It showed that the would-be purchaser had bought very little during the year, that he lived in the residential district, and was the owner of a private residence. The manager approved the sale. But if there had been anything suspicious about the man's appearance, anything to indicate that he was not buying for his own use and for consumption within his home, the sale would not have been allowed.

The element in the Ontario system which would seem to be the most liable to breakdown — the selection of personnel to operate the stores — seemed to me surprisingly free from the flaws one would expect to find. The managers with whom I talked appeared to be almost without exception fully aware of the responsibilities of their position. I heard, however, that there had been complaints of political favoritism in the appointment system of the Liquor Control Board, not so much in Toronto, where the headquarters of the Board are located, but more especially in outlying districts, where the Board is forced to rely on second-hand information in making appointments. It has been suggested that store managers be placed within the civil service system, but thus far no steps in that direction have been taken.

Another very important aspect of the opera-

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tion of the Ontario plan is the close co-operation maintained between the Liquor Control Board, the police, and the various welfare and relief organizations. At the headquarters of the Board an elaborate file of permits issued is kept. Any person applying to a charitable organization for aid must obtain from the Board a statement to the effect that he is not the holder of a permit, before he will receive consideration. The police, as well as store managers and private organizations of various kinds, co-operate regularly in cases where cancellation of a permit or the degree of severity of a penalty for an infraction of the regulations is under consideration. These activities are co-ordinated in a single department of the Liquor Board, perhaps the most interesting feature of which is the correspondence it carries on with delinquents.

Although the first aim of the Ontario system has never been an increase in revenue, there has been a by-no-means-unwelcome rise in provincial income from liquor taxation. It is more difficult to estimate the success or failure of the less tangible aims of the plan. Statistics of consumption are available but not reliable guides, because after all it is not the amount of liquor consumed but rather the way in which it is consumed that is the truest criterion of a reasonable temperance. Then too, the large American tourist trade has tended to send consumption figures skyrocketing.

But it seems to me impossible to visit Toronto without a feeling of admiration for what is being done in liquor control, and I believe that Ontario's experiment is a great contribution to the whole problem of temperance. The authorities are endeavoring to lead the people into ways of sobriety by teaching them the unfortunate consequences of overindulgence. They have barred all public drinking and encouraged moderate consumption in the home. No advertising of liquor in any form is permitted. Sobriety has become respectable, and drunkenness is frowned upon.

The commission realizes that any system of control which restrains large numbers of persons from making any purchase whatsoever at government stores will in the end merely give rise to a new society of big bootleggers, and they are determined that this shall not happen. A nice balance must therefore be maintained between the public's consumption demands and the demands of temperance.

III

THE AIMS of liquor control in Nova Scotia have been very similar in principle to those in Ontario. The methods of attaining them, however, show considerable variation; in addition the Nova Scotia Liquor Control Act has been in operation for a shorter period of time than the control laws of any other eastern Canadian province. A further obstacle to the accomplishment of general temperance in Nova Scotia has been the existence of a greater number of regularly spirit-drinking persons there than elsewhere. Until the passage of the Liquor Control Act Nova Scotians (to admit a not unfair generalization) were inclined to prefer the beverage affording the maximum effect from the minimum volume, a point of view with which we in the United States have not been unfamiliar during the reign of the noble experiment.

The basis of the Nova Scotia control program is government sale of liquor without profit as in Ontario. But whereas in the latter province this plan is co-ordinated with the individual-permit system, in Nova Scotia it is linked with an elaborate program of public-school education in the principles and logic of temperance.

A fair impression of the scheme of operation of the government stores in Nova Scotia may be gained from the following instructions issued to all store managers and their assistants:

"The quantity of liquor, including beer, sold to any individual at any one time shall not be in excess of what is deemed right and reasonable for the personal and private requirements of the individual, due consideration being given to all the circumstances of the purchaser.

"Store managers must inquire carefully into all attempts to purchase in excess of the above, and where any doubt exists, the sale should be refused, and all the facts reported to Head Office for further investigation.

"Liquor must not be sold to those who from their circumstances and the amount or frequency of their purchases are likely to be supplying bootleggers."

The authors of the Nova Scotia plan felt that the majority of the people had a respect

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for law and order and felt it unfair to penalize the ninety-eight per cent of the temperate for the two per cent who might overindulge. No individual permits are therefore required. But if anything occurs to throw suspicion on an individual: if he is found in an intoxicated condition or if he is reported to be buying more liquor than he can afford, he is listed by card as a suspect and is kept under close observation.

The normal maximum purchase in a government store is limited to one bottle of spirits, six bottles of light wines, and twenty-four bottles of beer. These figures may be changed at the discretion of the store manager.

Hotels and restaurants may be issued permits to serve wines and beer by the glass with meals, but very few such permits have been granted. This is because it is felt unfair to allow a privilege that would be used chiefly by people of at least moderate means, while it remained unavailable to cheaper resorts which would be frequented by less prosperous customers.

Violations or suspected violations of the regulations by individuals are reported to the police, who thereupon maintain a careful check on the activities of the suspect. Violations of the sale regulations by hotels or restaurants are kept in check by the power of the Control Commission to declare such violators "public places" and thereby placing them under the rigid scrutiny of the police.

An elaborate card index of infractions is kept at the central office of the Commission; complaints are there received, not only of direct violations of the law, but of general intemperance and unwise expenditure for liquor by individuals. Such complaints may be registered by private citizens as well as by the police and other public organizations. Letters of warning to first offenders, even where there is no actual conviction of violation, are written and signed by the Head Commissioner himself.

The second part of the Nova Scotia plan has been aided by the importation of the director of temperance instruction in Manitoba to take charge of the entire movement in the former province. He has been touring the schools of the peninsula, delivering talks to pupils and teachers alike, exhibiting to the former charts and illustrations graphically showing the effects of alcoholic overindulgence on the human body and equipping the latter with the knowledge and technique with which to carry on in increased efficiency.

The consensus of opinion in Nova Scotia seems to be that the opening of a government store in a community tends to put the bootleggers out of business, although of course they still exist, especially in outlying districts and in some places where government stores are closed over week-ends. But the consumption of hard liquor is definitely decreasing. The population of Nova Scotia is 100,000 greater than that of New Brunswick, and yet the sale of spirits in the first is one-half that in the neighbor province, while the sale of beer is more than double. There is no doubt that Nova Scotia is approaching the problem of liquor control with high motives.

IV

In New Brunswick, as I stated previously, the chief object of the liquor-control system is to increase the revenues accruing to the provincial government. In my survey of conditions there it seemed to me that this motive was apparent in most of the machinery of regulation, and that the latter suffered somewhat from it; and yet it is just as obvious that social as well as economic conditions in New Brunswick are more normal under the present system than they had been under complete prohibition.

Government sale of spirits is of course the method in use, but the regulations governing sales are considerably less strict than in either Ontario or Nova Scotia. There is no serious attempt to control the amount of purchases by individuals, for although the law which limits a sale to a single bottle is carefully followed, there is no check to prevent the purchaser of one bottle from buying elsewhere or returning to the same store for one or more further purchases. Bootlegging and public intoxication are serious offenses, and are so punished; offenders of these or other classes are blacklisted with the government stores, but the managers to whom I talked generally agreed that it was very difficult to keep track of them. Certainly in the stores I visited there were no questions asked of prospective buyers in the ordinary course of business.

The personnel in the New Brunswick stores

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did not impress me as well as that in some of the other provinces. Some of the managers are liquor-dealers by training, and others may have been political henchmen who in this way were being cared for.

Purchasers of liquor are required to take their packages to their places of residence and may not open them in any public place. The police have been given the power to search any house or building for liquor violations without warrant and merely on suspicion. This provision, together with the extremely heavy penalties for infractions of any one of the liquor regulations, has brought about a very definite rule of order under the existing system.

The New Brunswick situation is an interesting example of a system designed principally to gain revenue, by which there has been a corresponding increase in public morality. There can be no doubt that the primary purpose of the plan has been achieved, and all the evidence I was able to obtain indicated certainly that the problem of intemperance in New Brunswick cannot now be regarded as serious.

V

The French Canadians have always been moderate consumers of alcoholic beverages, and the system of control which they have established in Quebec reflects their attitude. It is the most liberal of any in Canada; it is almost entirely government sale without government control.

The Quebec Liquor Commission has a complete monopoly on the sale of spirits, wines, and imported beers, and all profits accrue to the provincial government. Liquor stores are opened in those communities that desire them. No permits are required, but sale of liquor is forbidden to persons under eighteen years, also to interdicted persons and to various classes of offenders under the law. Spirits are sold only one bottle at a time, and cannot be consumed in any public place, but there is nothing to prevent a purchaser from obtaining more at other stores or at the same store at a later hour. Wines and beer are sold in hotels and restaurants, but taverns may sell only beer.

The Commission gives close attention to the selection of managers for the government stores in an effort to obtain men of responsibility and to maintain a reasonable *esprit de corps* among them, but these managers do not of course have the authority or responsibility vested in the store managers of Ontario or Nova Scotia.

There seems no reasonable basis for doubt that in Quebec, as in all the provinces I visited, intemperance has decreased with the liberalization of the liquor laws. The public revenue from the sale of liquor has here also been swelled to a considerable extent. And in Quebec the bootlegger has disappeared altogether. There is no trade left for him.

When I visited Quebec I was perhaps less interested in the system in force than I had been elsewhere, because I felt that in most of our own states likely to adopt control of some sort, the plan put into effect would probably be less liberal than that in use there. But there may be states where such a liberal system will suit the citizens as it does the citizens of Quebec, and in that case, after all, it will be their own business.

In conclusion I wish to emphasize that I do not purport to offer a comprehensive survey of the liquor question in Canada. I have merely reported a series of personal impressions made at my leisure. What I have stated as fact, however, I believe to be entirely accurate. It is important to remember that the Canadian provinces, with the exception of Prince Edward Island, have abandoned compulsory prohibition for provincial control, and that there is no national legislation on the subject which compels people in different parts of the country and of differing modes of life and thought to conform to the same disciplinary measures; each province has been left free to work out its own problem. Each province in turn has allowed its various communities to elect whether or not the sale of liquor by the provincial government shall be permitted within its limits. Thus the people have been given the maximum opportunity to regulate a situation which is essentially a personal one from the standpoint of either ethics or economy.

It is not accurate, as we have seen, to refer to "the Canadian system" of control as a success or failure, because there is no one system. And improvements could be made in all of them. No one has yet formulated an ideal plan which could be practiced anywhere. Our principal concern should be to glean what we can from such experience as others have made available.

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THE RESULTS OF RELIEF

Are We Creating a Permanent Pauper Class?

BY ELWOOD STREET

ARE WE, the taxpayers and contributors to charity of the United States, creating a permanent pauper class through our vast expenditure of public and private funds for relief of the destitute unemployed?

Will the millions of our fellow citizens accustomed to charitable aid through the years of depression be willing to go back to work when work is available? Or will they prefer to remain idle, neither toiling nor spinning, as cheerful recipients of the largess of those who do toil and spin — a new leisure class at the bottom rather than the top of the social scale?

These are natural questions in view of the facts. At the present time more people are dependent upon aid from tax funds and cash contributions in the United States, and more money is being spent for relief of the destitute both actually and in proportion to the population and wealth of the country than ever in the nation's history.

At least 3,500,000 families including over 15,000,000 people were receiving unemployment relief out of public funds in the United States at the beginning of this autumn, according to a statement of Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Emergency Relief Administrator.

That number is almost one-seventh of the population of the country. Suppose this huge segment of our population *should* go on strike when work is available, and say unanimously and in one stentorian voice that it preferred relief derived from the income of others to the fruits of its own labor. Just suppose!

The cost of relief for this tremendous number of destitute people is proportionately large. Until less than eighteen months ago the federal government had never given one cent for the relief of its citizens, outside of infrequent items of disaster relief. Charity was the job of local communities or, at the most, of the states. The disaster of unemployment has brought complete reversal of that ancient policy. Now, the Federal Emergency Relief Administration has an appropriation for the current fiscal year of $500,000,000. This is five times as much as all the money from all sources spent for relief of the destitute two years ago. Relief Administrator Hopkins says this half-billion of federal dollars will probably last until May. Then Congress will have to turn on the golden spigot again. Federal funds are now supplying between 60 per cent and 65 per cent of the total of public relief, while state, city, county, town, and village funds stimulated by the doughty Hopkins provide about 35 per cent. If that ratio continued for the whole of the fiscal year it would add perhaps $300,000,000 and make a grand total of $800,000,000.

You may add to these totals of dollars in cash relief the $300,000,000 worth of surplus pork, wheat, cotton, and other agricultural products which is already being distributed through the new Federal Surplus Relief Corporation. Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins says: "The commodities given the unemployed will be in addition to the amounts they are now receiving, wherever these are now inadequate, for the purpose of giving them reasonable standards of sustenance. They will add to and not replace items of relief already provided. Even with improvements in relief administration resulting in higher standards of relief, the amounts for food and clothing given the destitute are still inadequate."

Will the participants in this admittedly insufficient but obviously enlarging bounty willingly leave it for regular jobs? How long can we, who provide that bounty through gifts and taxes, continue it?

My own thought, based upon long observation and experience, is that relief is not sufficient in most communities to make it for most Americans an attractive alternative to income

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from earnings. Most of us prefer to work and to be independent rather than to live in idleness on the bounty of others. The unemployed are not a submerged class. They are in the main no different from the rest of us. Their jobs disappeared and ours, fortunately, didn't. Sound methods of social science effectively applied will, when work is plentiful, persuade most of those who don't want jobs to go to work — up to the limit of what is available. This point of view has been confirmed by leading social workers in various parts of the country — people with long experience and intimate knowledge of relief problems, to whom I wrote recently for their opinions on this subject.

The reasons for our opinion that Americans want work and not relief and will "get off" relief as rapidly as work is available fall in four main divisions. First, we have in this country no caste system and no pauper class. Second, relief is not adequate enough in general to encourage anyone to make it his only means of support if other support is available. Third, most of the relief which is being given is work relief, so that relief recipients in the main are already working to some extent. They would gladly give up inadequate "made" work in return for adequate real work. Fourth, the temper of American legislative bodies and of the contributing public toward relief expenditures is such that relief is not likely to be continued any longer than it is vitally necessary —if that long. Let us consider these points in order.

An Unclassified Society

The first of the reasons that relief will not be generally accepted by the unemployed longer than is necessary lies in the very structure of American society. Our mobile and fluid population has not yet jelled into that stratified society which in other countries has produced an unemployed aristocracy of well-to-do persons. Even our wealthiest citizens in general feel somewhat uncomfortable if they are not doing work of real or imagined value. How many men who could retire on their incomes do so? The pioneer spirit is still fermenting strongly within us. The average American thinks that he may win his way by hard work and good luck to fortune if not to fame. This working-for-a-living philosophy has been impaired by the get-rich-quick attitude of the after-war years and has suffered severe dents from the depression; but the American people in the main, however, believe in work (within the NRA code), expect to work, and want to work when work is available. One reason why the present depression has been marked by as little rioting and violence as it has is doubtless that the average American still believes that he may yet be a self-made man, and that opportunity may come to him at any moment. Although the opportunity for pioneering has diminished we are still pioneers in spirit. We are not content as a nation to live upon the products of accumulated wealth, whether those products are derived from income from investments or from the contributions of others to private charity or to tax funds. The American spirit of economic independence and of working for a living, bred in the bone, is not boiled out by one year or four years of depression.

This point is well made by Harry L. Lurie, Director of the Bureau of Jewish Social Research, who wrote to me: "The working class is thoroughly imbued with the common-sense understanding that without work and effort the necessities of life cannot be created, and that it is the obligation of every individual to labor. The previous experience of wage-earners has demonstrated to them that only by participating in the work of the world can they achieve real economic security or feel the sense of importance which comes from belonging in the ranks of persons who really matter because they are productive. Work for the mass of people is not a matter of economic compulsion alone but fulfills a normal urge for creative expression. Neither the hardships and inadequacies of return from a continued life of labor nor the examples of the leisured and idle in all economic classes have tended to swerve them from this ingrained belief. Protracted charity, especially if unwisely and inadequately given, may be extremely demoralizing; it is more apt to stimulate in the unemployed a restless awareness of economic disorganization and of social injustice than a desire for a continued pauperism.

"Relief recipients adjust themselves and their standards of living to charity through necessity and not through choice. The hope for

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a more normal way of life and for an improvement in their economic and social status is always an incentive for their return to productive work. Obviously, there will be a greater eagerness to return to productive labor under decent working conditions and adequate wages such as are inherent in the promise of the National Industrial Recovery Act, and there will justly be less eagerness to exchange relief for normal work if the only opportunities offered are under sweatshop conditions which exploit human labor.

"A small remnant of the industrially shell-shocked, those who suffer, in the terminology of social work, from occupational neuroses or who find in real or fancied illness a justification for being continually dependent upon others, may remain; but our experience between 1917 and 1920, during the activity of the war period and thereafter, amply demonstrated to us that, given enough jobs at decent wages, a large part of the handicapped, the unskilled, yes even of the derelicts and the barrel-house bums, as they were then picturesquely called, were voluntarily absorbed into the ranks of the employed."

Warnings for special groups are sounded by Mrs. Maude Mayfield Roof, Executive Secretary of the Family Welfare Association of Los Angeles: "There can be no yes or no to this question. The stable, skilled workman with a good work history and an already well-developed sense of responsibility for his own support is likely to welcome the opportunity to return to a real job. However, the worker who has never even in good times been far above the dependence level will not notice much change in status and in satisfaction of his wants when he accepts work relief or relief. Therefore his morale will have been more easily broken, and he will be much less willing or even reluctant to return to work when it is offered.

"The young people are the most greatly demoralized. Many have never worked or have worked for such a short time that the feeling of independence has not been strongly rooted. These are the ones who will not be willing to go to work when the work is offered.

"Regardless of the background of the worker there is no doubt that if he has been unemployed during the entire four years he will be less willing to work than if he has been on the relief rolls a shorter period of time. Long-time relief is a demoralizing influence.

"Another factor contributing to the spirit of dependence is the growing attitude of the community that relief is the right of every unemployed person. Failing in efforts to obtain work for the unemployed, relief protective associations have come into being, their avowed purpose being to see that the unemployed gets what is his by 'right,' viz. relief. This same attitude is echoed by the contributor, the taxpayer, and the self-help groups and is even invading the agencies dispensing relief. Naturally the recipient of relief absorbs this idea if he did not begin with it. When relief instead of work becomes the 'right' of any group the demoralization is completed, and we can expect an attending reluctance to work."

Miss Margaret Wead, Secretary of the Department of Studies and Information in the Family Welfare Association of America, New York City, speaks up for individuals as against groups: "There is a common misconception that relief itself is injurious because it deadens initiative and energy. The general impression from the material which we have received here from all over the country is rather that the method by which relief is given has been a large contributing factor in creating this loss of independence; as for example by depriving the unemployed of all choice through providing everything for them in kind and allowing no cash purchases. Apparently those cities in which relief has been most inadequate make most comment on the apathy and indifference of the unemployed. This seems to bear out the contention of social workers that inadequate relief, rather than relief as such, is harmful. How much of a residue there will actually be of people who prefer relief to work seems to depend in the last analysis on how much can be accomplished by the case-work method."

Homer Folks, Secretary of the New York State Charities Aid Association, says in the September *S. C. A. A. News:* "The unemployed will take the jobs fast enough. There is nothing in the idea we occasionally hear that the unemployed don't want jobs. They may have ceased to look for them, knowing they are not to be had, but after relief a real job at reasonable wages is as a summer day as compared to a winter night."

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An exception to the general rule is found in the Negro population of our country, particularly in the South. These unfortunate people are the victims of a class system. They are in large part accustomed to depending upon the white man for bounty and favors of various kinds. They have become accustomed to low wages, to intermittent work, and to low standards of living. They were the first to be discharged in time of depression and are the last to be re-employed; because when jobs are scarce the white man demands the job and generally gets it. Mrs. Florence Huff, Case Supervisor of the Emergency Relief Division of the Board of Public Welfare, speaks to us from Washington, D. C., on the border of the South. Eighty per cent of the more than 11,000 families now dependent upon public charity there are colored. Mrs. Huff says: "There is the very real problem of the Negro who gets two days of work a week at 35 cents an hour on work relief. Pay-rates of white and colored people cannot be differentiated in public work relief. This pay, small as it is, is in many cases as much as an unskilled colored laborer has been receiving year in and year out. Of course, this low pay has supported mere existence, not life. Work relief to these colored people is about as good as the work they have been doing. As a matter of fact, many of them are not well informed on what is happening to the community, anyway. They do not differentiate in their own minds between working for the District of Columbia on public projects (or for private contractors on building construction) and doing work relief, for which they receive about the same amount and do about the same kind of labor. The relief is inadequate, but the wages are inadequate too. This is not an urgent problem now because there is not enough work to go around. Whenever we find an individual who has been receiving relief and who refuses to go to work when there is work available, we cut off the supply of relief."

The solution of the Negro problem lies partly in the leadership within the colored race and partly also in the willingness of white people to give the Negro more opportunity.

This experience with the Negro is of great importance, but it does not detract from the fundamental fact that in general the attitude of Americans is that they want to work and will work when work is available: because that is the very spirit of our American democracy.

Leisure at $20 a Month

The second point in our evidence against the likelihood of the average American staying on relief longer than he has to is that the relief he receives is not adequate to meet his needs. Relief Administrator Hopkins said in his address before the National Mobilization for Human Needs in Washington on September 9: "The plain fact is that the approximately 15,000,000 people who are now dependent upon relief are not getting enough to eat or to wear. There is serious underfeeding. The average relief is 50 cents per family per day. I don't know any place where relief is adequate."

The average relief throughout the United States, even with the addition of cured pork, cotton, wheat, and other agricultural surpluses is not and will not be much if any above $20 per family per month. The average earnings of families whose members are now unemployed must have been at least $75 per family per month, and probably more. It is hardly likely that many families would be willing to swap leisure at $20-a-month worth of relief for work at an average of $75 to $100 a month — when that work is available. Even such wages are not adequate according to estimates of the cost of living; but they are less inadequate than the inadequate relief which is the best that our public and private charitable systems have been able to evolve from the funds that taxing authorities and private contributors supply. That's the kind of largess we are distributing to enervate the unemployed!

Our third point for the return of people to independence when there is work is that the unemployed have been accustomed to work in the form of work relief, or "made" work, during the depression. The swing to work relief has been the most marked difference between relief work in this depression and methods of the past. At least 50 per cent of the able-bodied unemployed who are receiving relief now are working for it, for greater or less amounts of time, at work of more or less value to the community. The fact that the unemployed are working out their relief now is the best evidence that they will do real work when they can get it.

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The Fight for Funds

Our fourth point is that the problem is to get sufficient funds to meet the relief needs of those who cannot secure work, rather than to shut off the flow of such funds. President Roosevelt said on September 8: "I like to think of governmental relief of all kinds as emergency relief." Hopkins regards this work as merely temporary. His appropriation is for the current fiscal year only — although additional appropriation will be necessary before the year ends next June. The very name of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration demonstrates its intended transiency. Taxpayers everywhere are complaining about the cost of taxation for relief, although the relief is inadequate. Chambers of Commerce include relief costs in their general fights on taxes. Community Chests face as their greatest problem a continuation of contributions from people who think that the government is doing it all — forgetful that even though public funds are caring for the main burden of relief, Community Chests and individual private agencies have to raise money for orphan asylums, homes for the aged, and a multitude of other organizations whose work must comprise, in addition, relief of the unemployed.

The general attitude was expressed by one of the larger contributors to the Community Chest of Washington, D. C., who canceled his pledge to the Chest last summer because the government had made appropriations for relief. His idea was that his income tax had been increased, and he was protesting. This was in spite of the fact that local real-estate taxes had been reduced over ten per cent, and that only about one-fifth of the Community Chest budget was for relief. Some people are that way!

Finally, a big task of constructive relief lies before us, writes Linton B. Swift, General Director of the Family Welfare Association of America: "We shall have at least four or five million unemployed for the next several years, regardless of the degree of economic improvement which may take place. We are bound to have a tremendous mass of unemployed left as a sort of reservoir or sediment from the experience we are passing through. In general, the last persons laid off are likely to be the first re-employed, since they are generally the ones who have been let go with the greatest reluctance. Those who have the longest periods of unemployment are likely to be those who can least afford it. Of this great mass who are likely to remain unemployed for a long period of time, many would be relatively unemployable, and many of these will doubtless have become unemployable through the experience of unemployment itself. This involves not merely re-employment and vocational rehabilitation and re-education, but also a very careful process of selection of those best fitted for different types of vocational re-education. Here it seems to me that private social case-work agencies, vocational and educational agencies, public relief agencies, and the whole system of government employment exchanges ought to begin as soon as possible to work out a carefully co-ordinated recovery program. Public relief agencies will have all that they can do for years to come in providing for the physical relief needs growing out of the depression; private agencies must concentrate upon the second great problem arising out of the effects of unemployment — upon people as human beings who have gone through a long and catastrophic experience."

All of our authorities, then, seem pretty well agreed that there is less of a problem in getting present unemployed workers off work relief than there is in providing jobs for the unemployed to take. To summarize, this is true because we have in this country no caste system and no pauper class; because the relief which is being given is not adequate enough to encourage anyone to make it his only means of support when other support is available; because relief recipients have already accepted the principle of working for what they receive, through the development of work relief as contrasted with direct relief; and because relief is not likely to be continued by legislative bodies and private contributors any longer than is vitally necessary. The evidence seems conclusive that if relief is competently administered the unemployed will enthusiastically absorb all the jobs that are likely to be available for a good long time to come — with no regrets for the life of "leisure" they give up. If we treat the destitute unemployed as human beings they will act like human beings.

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JAVANESE WOODCUTS

BY TEN KLOOSTER

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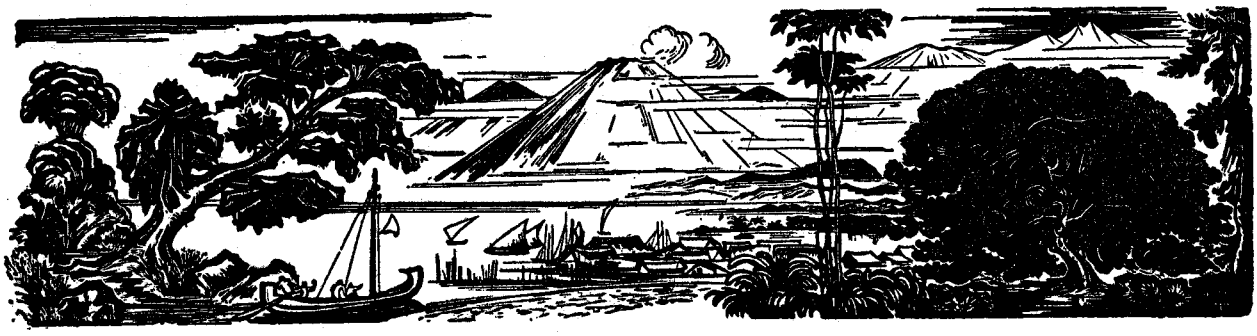

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THE TROUBLE WITH THE COLLEGES

A Symposium

"A Challenge to the Colleges," Editorial Foreword in the September FORUM, and "Is College Worth While?" by Robert E. Rogers, in the same issue, brought in a great many excellent letters, objecting to and upholding their criticism of higher education in this country. Because the worth of a college education is being so seriously questioned to-day, the Editors, in an attempt to show as many sides of opinion on the subject as possible, present here extracts from some of those letters which seem particularly important.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS
American Historian

THERE IS something basically wrong with our entire educational system. I am not — horrible word — an "Educationist" any more than I am a doctor of medicine, so I must leave perhaps the diagnosis of the disease to the specialist. But just as a layman can tell by observation whether or not a man is sick, so he can judge that there is something wrong in American education. Considering the cost to the nation in tax and charity dollars and student-hours — both in billions — the results are wholly incommensurate with the cost.

There is of course a lot of fad, foible, and fake, but if I were to try to pick out the worst factor in the muddle I would say complete confusion of mind on the part of both educators and probably public as to what education is and what an educational system is supposed to aim at and how its various parts should be co-ordinated to attain the best results. It may be merely one of the symptoms of a changing age, but the American educational field seems to me to be one of almost complete confusion. We build feverishly a vast apparatus for turning out nobody knows just what. There are of course exceptions, perhaps many, but I speak of the system, if one can use that word, as a whole. The exceptional man, as Mr. Leach says, gets something out of college, but we do not need to support fifteen hundred colleges to afford facilities for the few exceptional men.

H. W. DODDS
President of Princeton University

IN MY OPINION Mr. Rogers' article is a pungent presentation of a viewpoint which is not exactly new but which represents a disturbing amount of truth.

The tone of the article is that the colleges and universities are responsible for the situation, and that something ought to be done about it. I agree with the latter but I do not believe that the responsibility lies exclusively with the educational institutions. After all, the colleges and universities can't get very far away from the democratic social soil from which they spring, and much that Mr. Leach and Mr. Rogers dislike grows out of the same sort of spirit which gave us universal manhood suffrage about 1820 and elected Andrew Jackson President of the United States. For this reason I don't think that the comparison of our university graduates with the graduates of English and Danish institutions is very significant. The latter universities developed from entirely different social backgrounds than the ones about which Rogers is writing. Perhaps we should undertake in this country to develop an hereditary class as a feeder for a selected number of institutions; but America's experiment in democracy, which has been her chief contribution to world history, would not have been possible with such privileged groups. Moreover, I fancy that the "race of politicians of brilliant parts and impeccable integrity" which will govern England in the next generation will be much less representative of the historic universities than in the past.

I have said a good many times that the tendency to send your boy to college to keep up with the Joneses has materially changed the

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task of the college. When my father went to college he went for a pretty specific purpose: namely, to prepare for a profession. Undoubtedly a good many boys go to college to-day because it is the style to do so and because of a vague feeling that it will help them in after life. One of the surprising things about America is our faith in formal education. The fact that our students do not now represent an automatically selected group, as was pretty much the case fifty years ago, changes our problem and attack.

VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE

Dean of Barnard College

I AGREE with everything that Mr. Leach says and with most of Professor Rogers' comments on colleges in general, though he has perhaps exaggerated some of the points.

I wish, however, to file a protest against his paragraph concerning "the traditional women's college." He seems to me to be quite ignorant of what has been done in the women's colleges in the last thirty years, and of what they are doing now. He says himself that he is comparatively ignorant about the college girl, and I think that on this very insecure foundation of knowledge it is most unfair to pillory our institutions in this public indictment, which many other ignorant people might take seriously.

ROBERT E. VINSON

President of Western Reserve University

I DO NOT find myself out of sympathy with either the point of view or the arguments presented by Mr. Rogers, further than to say that, while I think the problem raised is more acute because of the reach of the present economic depression, it is not essentially a new one. During my more than thirty years of administrative experience I have passed through several periods which differed from the present one only in degree.

Fundamentally it seems to me that Mr. Rogers' paper is an indictment of the whole American social order, and that it is applicable to the colleges only as an illustration of the manner in which the general principles of our social organization are illustrated in these institutions. I have been waiting a long time for someone to write an article or book on the general thesis that colleges are as much the products of the civilization in which they work as they are the molders of that civilization.

I see very little hope of improving these conditions until education in this country can receive two privileges. One of these is that education shall be in the control of those who devote their lives to this service, and the other is that American society shall offer adequate opportunity to men and women to exercise their developed capacities. The real control of American education has always been outside of the system, in some cases more and in others less. The parts of the system and the institutions within the system which have the least of this external control are those whose policies and performance are least subject to criticism. We have never learned in this country the difference between government and administration, and in general the power of the purse is regarded as superior to all other.

American education has prepared young men and women for professional careers, white-collar careers if you will, because fundamentally this country has been and still is devoted to the white-collar ideal. Economic depressions such as the one through which we are now passing in this country do a great deal of constructive work in bringing about the changes which are so much desired, and I for one feel sure that the colleges of this country will adapt themselves to these changes with that measure of response to public demand which has always characterized them.

W. R. INGE

Dean of St. Paul's, London

AT OXFORD and Cambridge the old sporting and idling student is almost extinct. Nearly half the students are promising boys from the state schools, subsidized out of the taxes. This may be right, but the result is that all the black-coat professions are overstocked, the average ability in the working class lowered by skimming off the cream, and the cream to a large extent thrown away, since professional families are not nearly keeping up their numbers. I certainly think that boys should make up their minds what they mean to be; but I agree with the educationist who said: "We do not want young specialists of fifteen."

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IRVING MAURER
President of Beloit College

I DO NOT entirely agree with Mr. Leach's statement that a boy who knows what he ought to do after he leaves college should organize his courses with respect to his particular preparation, unless Mr. Leach means that such a boy, knowing what he is to do, will also deliberately try to choose courses in other fields, thus giving a balanced education. All that he says about the froth of college life would be enthusiastically seconded by all thoughtful educators. I think I speak for the group when I say that we view with a good deal of perturbation the prevalent apparent confidence on the part of American parents in the ability of colleges to do necessary things for their children. What we need is to have greater ability on the part of the colleges to choose worthy material and then a program which will see that in every sense it is mentally and spiritually assimilated and awakened.

HOMER P. RAINEY
President of Bucknell University

IF I WERE asked, "Is religion worth while?" or, "Is democracy worth while?" I would answer without hesitation: "Certainly they are worth while." This does not mean that I am thoroughly satisfied with contemporary religion or democracy. I am not. But, deficient as they are, they have not yet reached the point where I shall query, "Are they worth while?" I have the same attitude toward the college. Certainly it is worth while. Do the American colleges have deficiencies and inherent weaknesses? Surely. But they are by no means beyond hope of remedy. The critics are perennially predicting the demise of the college. It has become an old story. Education in all its branches is conservative. This is its essential nature, and it is well that it is so. From a broad social point of view it is a beneficent thing that colleges and universities are not swept off their feet by every new wave of propaganda that comes along. On the other hand, they have always adapted themselves to changing society sufficiently well to play a prominent rôle in social progress. The colleges may not be wholly in line with current demands, but I have confidence that there is intelligence enough in them to enable them to adjust themselves to future social needs.

Professor Rogers laments that twenty-five years ago a college degree meant something and gave its recipient a "decided advantage in the race of life over those who had won merely a high-school diploma," but that to-day "it is not too much to say that a college degree means just about what a high-school degree meant forty years ago — and not a bit more." Granted, but what of it? It may also be said that a $2,000 automobile to-day doesn't mean any more than a team of good horses and a carriage forty years ago. But that does not prove anything except that times have changed. The relative percentage of college graduates to the total population is greater to-day than was the ratio of high-school graduates to the population forty years ago. Naturally, therefore, it has no greater social significance, but it does not follow that a high-school education forty years ago was not worth while nor that a college education to-day is worthless. Simply, the tempo of society has changed, and a college diploma is not as significant as it once was.

FRED N. ROBINSON
Professor of English, Harvard University

I THINK I am in essential agreement with what Mr. Leach says about the shortcomings of our college education, though when we make comparisons with Europe we should remember that many of our unintellectual students would not be enrolled at all in a European university. Our institutions, for better or worse, reach down to a lower social layer. And our upper-layer intellectuals are not without counterparts in the English universities.

It is the men of this type who have often discouraged me most, because one would expect them to have at least a traditional, if only amateurish, interest in the aims of liberal studies. The number of them who have passed through our colleges and even become elderly alumni without developing any real intellectual interest is altogether too large. But in recent years I have seen signs of a change for the better among both students and graduates. And I am glad to say that the new interest has been aroused, not by appealing to vocational motives, but by an effort to define more clearly the purpose of liberal education.

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ANTS AND MAN

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

THANKS TO Maeterlinck, Fabre, and others, the habits of social insects have for a long time been of interest to the general reader and general thinker; but it has usually been a patronizing sort of interest. We feel that it is clever and amazing of the little creatures to mimic in so many ways our societies and civilization; and we are duly astonished to find that ants make other ants slaves, keep pets and domesticated animals, plant crops and harvest them, make elaborate war, communicate with one another, and employ child labor to weave their homes: but we do not look to the ant for indications of our own possible development as social beings.

Our sense of superiority is no doubt partly due to our worship of mere size: Aristotle himself would not have cut much ice had he been only the size of an ant. Further, we regard insects as very low forms of life, whereas, actually, they are as far advanced in the evolutionary scale as we are ourselves. That is, we are the highest developed of those animals that put their money on a vertebral internal skeleton, while the ant is one of the most highly developed of those animals that banked on a segmented body covered with chitin. But both are an equal distance along the road from our original common ancestor, and if a stable and masterful relationship with the environment is a fair gauge of progress there are many ways in which the ant has made a better use of its time than man.

And from the point of view of social behavior there is an even stronger claim for the ant to be regarded as more advanced than the man. Social behavior is a matter of practice, or as we say, tradition. It is learned by the same process as that whereby water wears away a stone. The oftener an animal and its ancestors have had a chance of repeating a given social habit, the better, other things being equal, will be its performance. Even in the restricted field of human social custom we find the truth of this, for it is certainly easier for an individual to be civilized in London, Paris, New England, or Virginia than in New York, Chicago, Moscow, or Johannesburg. But, apart from this, we breathe, and our hearts beat, without need of education because of the vast generations of practice we have had in those processes, but we still have to learn to speak because that is a later achievement of the race. The really important thing about ants from the point of view of our social problems is that there are many forms of social behavior which they can carry on as easily as we can breathe, because of the immense amount of practice they have had in doing them.

If we allow a thousand generations of human social behavior, we must allow at least from ten to twenty million generations of ant social behavior. And that is why the ant builds its community, guards it, divides the labor and rewards of maintaining it with as little need of conscious thought or decision as we need for breathing. Ants have done these things two thousand times oftener than human beings and therefore know how to do them "by heart." More than this, for nearly all this time ants have worked in a standardized environment, and their social reactions must have been exactly as at present, for ants preserved for millions of years in amber show the same physical modifications to social habit as ants alive to-day. Mankind has only just begun the toil of standardizing its environment, a necessary task completed by ant communities millions of years ago, and has hitherto had to unlearn all its social tricks every few generations, because the world around has changed.

It is not in the least extravagant, therefore, to regard the ants as in a far more advanced

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social state than ourselves and to look to them for light on our own future experience as social creatures. But, the reader may say, ant societies are based on instinct, while we have intellect; and surely that makes comparisons useless! By no means. What we call instinct in the social behavior of an ant is merely the result of its having done things so often that it knows how to do them "by heart." Our use of intelligence in the same social functions may be merely temporary and due to our not yet having had enough practice to do things "instinctively." Our use of intellect is a lucky ability to use the technique of trial and error, until we have had enough experience as social beings to dispense with anything so cumbersome. Whatever its value as the parent of philosophy, art, religion, and science, thought is a confession of weakness and infantilism in the field of social behavior. And it may be that it is because he still has to think that man is not yet so certain of survival as a social animal as the ant.

The last decade or so has seen us entering into a partial realization of this. There has been a weakening of the democratic belief that free thought and *laissez faire* would equip societies with the weapons needed for survival. In Russia, Italy, Germany, and elsewhere this belief has been replaced by an insistence that all social conduct should be based, not on thought, but on reflexes conditioned in the interest of a "totalitarian" or ant-like state. A nazi child, a fascist youth, a young communist is not trained to think but to respond through his reflex arcs to flags, speeches, slogans, and formulae. There is, of course, nothing new in this, for in our own communities whenever social conduct is required we encourage individuals to stop thinking. Red and green traffic lights, advertising, organized forms of amusement, mass education, propaganda — in all these we hope that the stimulus will excite reflexes without permitting the higher brain centers to come in and confuse action. In short, we stretch forward to the ant community, but never more so than when we set up the "totalitarian" state.

Ants, then, may be regarded as object lessons in our own future development, and it is of great practical interest to see whither the social habit drives the individual animal who has progressed farther than we have done so far. For these experiences will probably be repeated by the human race.

Polymorphism

First of all there is the fascinating phenomenon of polymorphism. There are only two main forms of the human animal, the male and the female, and it is very interesting to observe, therefore, that the only kind of polymorphism practised by man is one that is just as valuable to a solitary animal. We, so young are we in our social habits, are no more polymorphous than the cat that walks by itself. Our individual physical bodies have not begun to show different physical shapes or to have their organs variously developed in response to the social functions performed.

With the ant it is quite different: polymorphism for the mere sake of sexual reproduction is relegated to the background; it is still there, but above and beyond it we find individuals whose forms have been modified and changed in order to fit them for some special economic work that they must do for the community. Reproduction is the task of a very few; the rest must work, and therefore have bodies unencumbered with sexual organs or sexual desires. There are males, or drones, and there are fully developed females, but only a very few; the rest of the potential females are socialized to their finger tips, so to say, into neuter workers. Compare this with the social parvenu, man, who has recently socialized more and more women into workers, but without altering their bodies. We have left them reproductive machines and turned them into industrial machines as well. All the social evils coming from a clash between the family and the job are a result.

If we had had the social sense — better put, the social experience — of the ant, we would have begun by making physiological changes first, in order that the desired psychological changes might have followed. And this is what we shall do in the future: we shall avoid the clash between sex and work by making those individuals who are needed for work physically free from sexual hunger. We need not wait ten million years like the ants for these individuals to learn to be neuters so thoroughly that they are neuters through force of habit. We shall

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make the necessary physical changes as part of the orthodox child training that they will undergo. Among the ants the originally female individual becomes a neuter through the effect of constant overwork on the ovaries, which suffer from malnutrition and so do not develop. Precisely the same thing can of course be observed in contemporary human societies, since the effect of much work upon the female seems in many cases to produce a like physiological degeneracy. But this process alone will prove too slow, and in the "totalitarian" state it will be supplemented by applied endocrinology and surgery.

When man takes to social, as distinct from mere sexual, polymorphism, he can choose between the solution of the ants and that of the termites, two very different families of social insects which adopted the social habit quite independently and yet progressed along similar lines. Whereas among ants it is only the female that has been socialized into the neuter worker, among the termites the male has been socialized also. Here you find queen termites, drone termites, neutralized female workers, and neutralized female termites. Professor Morton Wheeler, always a good humanist though never a naughty anthropomorphist, says that he for one would rather we followed the ant way than the termite way; but it must be confessed that with man the chief source of sexually wasteful energy is in the unproductive sexual activity of males. Many people, including Tolstoy, have pointed out that nine-tenths of the world's enslavement to work is caused by this purely non-social trait, and a cursory glance at the shop windows of Fifth Avenue reveals that most of the goods are needed for no other purpose than to arouse sex feeling.

Ant Soldiers

But ant polymorphism goes farther than the production of a third or worker caste. There are also individuals with very large heads or powerful jaws that take no part in the sexual labors nor in the industrial activities of the community. They are the soldiers, and they concern themselves almost entirely with war, defensive and sometimes offensive. Sometimes there are two types of military ants, a division of labor not unlike our light and heavy infantry. These forms are all of them a response to the social habit and as ingrained as our two sexes. In fact early observers were so used to the idea that polymorphism was with us a matter of male and female that they talked of the worker "sex" and the soldier "sex." There is a great deal to be learned from the existence of these soldier ants that is relevant to our future history. These heavy-headed individuals are from birth interested only in fighting, because their psychology is unalterably conditioned by their physiology. Once animals become experienced in the social habit, they find that such conditioning is essential to the economic working of the community. If we can imagine the human animal progressing naturally for thirty million years, it is to be expected that certain individuals will be born soldiers just as at present some individuals are born males; but we shall not wait for that; the "totalitarian" state will hasten this, too, with the practical application of endocrinology, and education based on conditioned reflexes.

Further, as we learned from Caesar, war is a seasonal occupation. After the campaign one must go into winter quarters. The immense social experience of the ants has taught them that you cannot run a community if for a large part of the year a considerable proportion of the citizens are worthless to it. Certain species of ants have therefore adopted the following social technique towards the soldier problem: in the fall when the fighting season is over, temporary employment is found for them as harvest hands; the grass seed is collected and the powerful heads of the soldiers used to crush it; that task done, the workers snip off the heads of all soldiers and drop their remains out of the nest. Thus the community is not burdened with a standing army in peacetime.

It is not enough to read these facts as isolated wonders of nature, for they are for us the writing on the wall. The existence of worker and soldier forms, while we have only sexual forms, the treatment of the soldiers in the case quoted are examples of how animals behave when their social experience is far greater than ours, and it is also an indication of what humanity will do if it is ever to make a success of the social habit. Every social being, man, insect, or other animal, will, after sufficient social experience, learn that specialized labors in the community require specialized bodies,

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and that no community can afford these specialized individuals alive once their social purpose has been achieved. To let them live once their work is over is not only uneconomic but psychologically dangerous to social stability, which depends on all the emotions of all individuals being adequately satisfied.

The extent to which this has been learned by the animals with the longest social experience is illustrated by the treatment of soldiers by another group of ants. When there is no fighting to be done the soldier ant is used as a living door with which the exit from the nest is closed. The large head makes these individuals admirably fitted for the duty. When a small worker wants to get by, it strokes the soldier's abdomen, and at once the door swings back and, after the worker has passed, closes to. A judicious tapping on the head opens the door to the returning wanderer. This interesting arrangement is possible because the soldier is so delighted by the strokings and tappings that it feels itself adequately repaid. Unlike Bottom it does not want to be Pyramus, Thysbe, Lion, and Wall, but just Door, and Door only. We see that sooner or later the social habit requires that every individual shall be contented with his job and yearn for no other, and that can be brought about only by incapacitating it psychologically from any desires for other occupation. Such a state of affairs is possible in the "totalitarian" state.

The Laws of Social Habit

For the benefit of those who still feel that ants and men are so different psychologically that comparisons are worthless, it is worth while adding that modern psychology has reduced these apparent differences in at least one very important particular. It used to be thought that certain ingrained altruisms and nobilities explained some of human conduct, as for example the devotion that comes from the ant maternal instinct. Ant observers were struck by what they felt was a like nobility when they saw the selfless care bestowed by the workers on eggs and young at times of general disaster, such as an earthquake induced by an intruder's boot. Modern psychology has shown up the human mother and proved that there is an emotional *quid pro quo* without which she will not show the slightest fragment of mother love; that indeed she eats her child emotionally just as much as she feeds it. Exactly the same is true of the ant, which serves the young because it derives its supreme joy from licking the various secretions of its charges. In short, the social habit in the end brings about a state of affairs wherein every individual is irrevocably conditioned to want to behave in a given way and then is satisfied by being allowed to do nothing else. The socially wisest animals accept the inalienable right of the individual to the pursuit of happiness, but have learned that this pursuit can have meaning only if the individual is physiologically conditioned to enjoy a given social niche and no other.

Probably many social animals have become extinct because they did not perfect their social behavior; for example many ants may be dead without descendants because they did not execute their soldiers at the right moment. The whole evolution of human society must follow the same course. The laws of the social habit are laws in the same way as the law of gravity is a law. Democratic ideas are due to an interesting stage during which the whole question is whether man as an animal will or will not adopt the social habit in its entirety. All sorts of atavism from the times of his solitary, prehuman ancestors flourish alongside the incompatible imperatives of the alternative mode of life.

At the moment it looks as if mankind is finally doomed to the natural evolution of the social habit, but whatever form of economically "totalitarian" state we may adopt, we should remember that that is but a step along the road already traversed by the social insects. The social way of life requires not only a political and economic dictatorship, but the socialization of the individual, physiologically and psychologically. Those who dislike the feeling that Russia or communism in general is the last word in the field of social thought, a dull eliminating of controversy by the discovery of ultimate truth, may take heart when they consider how far beyond this quite primitive stage the ants got long ago. And they may read the human future in the insect past, and see that Lenin, Hitler, and Mussolini are merely preparing the ground for man to catch up with the ant.

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THIS HEAVY LOAD

A Short Story

BY WILLIAM MARCH

Drawings by Raymond Bishop

It was a dilapidated brick house with sagging balconies and rusty iron grillwork. Mrs. Southworth, the landlady, who was intended by nature to be a bos'n on some sailing vessel, but who by mistake had become a woman instead, showed me her vacant room and stood with her hands folded under her apron, her iron jaw clamped down. . . . "All right, find fault with it and see what happens to you, my fine sailor man!" I imagined her thinking. But when I told her the room would suit very well and paid her for a week in advance, she became more cordial.

Later she invited me downstairs for a drink. We had three together, and by that time we were excellent friends. She began to tell me about the other people in the house. Across the hall from my room lived a man named Downey, and Mrs. Southworth didn't quite know what to do about him; he hadn't paid her a cent of rent for the past two weeks, since he lost his job, and why she let him stay on was a mystery to her! . . . Only there was something about him, something she couldn't quite understand. . . . But what he ate, or how he managed to keep alive was what she couldn't figure out. He spent all his time sitting by his window, carving on a block of wood or looking at the river, deep in thought. . . . "If it was *you*, now," she continued, "I'd have you out in the street bag and baggage before you knew it, but *this* fellow. . . ." She paused and shook her head, as if puzzled.

That night I saw Downey for the first time. He came out of his room as I was coming up the stairs, in his hand a paper parcel from which minute shavings were spilling. His skin was like porcelain in its dry brittleness, and his eyes were sunken; the lines in his cheeks and in his forehead were so deep they seemed cut there with a knife. When I passed him on the stairs he stopped and held on to the banisters for support. Then I spoke to him, and he looked up quickly and stared into my eyes, and I understood why even a realist as hard and as unimaginative as Mrs. Southworth couldn't throw him out. There was the same eagerness in his eyes that you see occasionally in the eyes of a dog mourning for his lost master. I looked at his lined face and his full, sensuous mouth for a moment. I said: "I understand we are neighbors. I've just taken the room across the hall, until my ship is ready. I'll be glad to have you come in and talk to me sometimes."

"Thanks very much," he said gravely. That's all there was; he didn't commit himself one way or the other. As I went to my room, I saw him still standing there by the banisters, watching me. . . .

A few nights later he did come to my room.

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He sat in my one chair quietly, without movement. He seemed even frailer and more exhausted than when I first saw him. I took out a bottle of whisky from my bag and offered him a drink. He shook his head. "There's no answer in that," he said; "there's no comfort there."

"Well, maybe not," I replied, "but it'll warm up your belly very nicely."

Then, somehow, I began to talk to him about my early life. I talked simply, without pose or affectation; for some reason I put myself out to please him. He listened gravely, sympathetically. When I had finished, he, in turn, began to talk about himself. He came of well-to-do people, I think. At any rate, he had gone to college and had got his degree. The next year he returned to his home town and married the girl he had loved since boyhood. Then war had been declared, and he wanted to enlist. There had been a scene with his wife when he signed up at the recruiting station. He was married, with a wife and two babies to look out for: there was no reason for him going to France. Leave that to men without obligations! But he had gone, anyway. He didn't know why; he simply knew that he must go. Probably he believed the nonsense of the war speeches and the war posters. (I was in the navy, a young fellow in those days, and I remember it all very well.) . . . At any rate, Downey had enlisted and had come through the fighting without injury: or rather he came through without bodily injury; but what he had experienced and what he had seen shocked him profoundly. He must have been an idealistic, highly emotional man, with little actual knowledge of the world. . . .

He did not tell me all this in its proper sequence, of course. It came out by fragments, which I pieced together in my mind later on. As he talked, I kept looking at his strange face and trying to find a word or a phrase which would describe it, but I could not. "Austerely sensual" was as close as I could come, but that, I realized, was pompous and high-flown, and it was not quite what I wanted, anyway. . . . But Downey was talking again in his somewhat hoarse and somewhat hesitant voice:

"When I got back home I felt that the end of the world had come, and that I was left alive by accident," he was saying. "I kept thinking that all the time. . . . I had been sure, once, of what was evil and what was good, but I knew, now, those things were only words, meaningless in themselves and taking significance from other words equally meaningless and equally subject to change. I was lost in a strange world which frightened me. . . ."

As Downey talked I could imagine his efforts to readjust himself. He had hoped, when he was discharged, that a return to normal life would solve his problems, but he found very soon that that was impossible. He had nothing in common with his wife any more; the deep sense of understanding which had existed between them was gone. He began actually to hate her for what he considered her smug sense of right and wrong, her constant talk of religion. He got so he couldn't stand the sight of his children either. An overpowering feeling of restlessness came over him.

One night his wife got him to go to church with her. It was the first time he had been in a church since he had enlisted. He sat in his pew, slightly sickened, not believing any man could be as harsh and as stupid as the minister seemed. Then he got up, walked out of the church, and went back home. When his wife arrived half an hour later, she found him in their living room swinging an ax, smashing the furniture to bits. That same night Downey went to a friend of his, a lawyer, deeded everything he owned to his wife and children, and left town. . . .

As Downey told me his story, all jumbled up and not in its proper order, as I'm telling it to you, his voice was without emotion, and his body was quiet. Occasionally he moved his hand backward and forward on the arm of the chair and occasionally he wet his full, sensual lips. Then suddenly he lowered his eyes. We sat there in silence, neither looking at the other. I offered him a cigarette, which he took. From the way he sucked it into his lungs, I knew it was the first smoke he had had for a long time. I thought it better neither to offer comment on what he had told me, nor to ask him to continue. A few minutes later he got up and went back to his room.

II

AFTER THAT Downey came to see me often. He never talked so freely as he had the first time, but in the next week he did tell me a

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great deal about himself. After he had left his wife (he had never seen her since, and he had no wish to see either her or his children) he had gone to Chicago and had got a job as motorman on a street car. At night he went to the public libraries and took out books, books on philosophy and religion mostly, but he could find nothing in them that he wanted. Then — Downey thought this himself — he became slightly insane. He began writing obscene pamphlets in which he proved that there was no God, that there could be no God. Later on he went to New York and worked in a restaurant as a dishwasher. At night he read or wrote his rambling, profane pamphlets. Occasionally he would talk to latecomers in the restaurant, trying to convince them, as he had convinced himself, that the skies were empty. But the taxi-drivers or the workmen to whom he talked laughed at him and tapped their foreheads.

From New York he drifted to Philadelphia, where he remained for a few weeks. Then his restlessness came over him again. He had been in Omaha, New Orleans, Detroit, Denver, St. Louis, Kansas City, and Seattle within a short time; but he remembered nothing of those places except the various furnished rooms he had lived in, and even they had gradually merged in his mind into one composite room. Many times he could not find work, and more often than not he was hungry, but something inside him impelled him constantly forward. He simply knew, when the impulse came over him, that he must get away.

As he talked in my room, he could not remember the names of some of the cities where he had been. He would refer, often, to places as "where the man in the United Cigar store had a gold tooth in front," or "where the landlady was in mourning for her daughter," identifying an entire community with one of its members.

As the years went by he found it more and more difficult to get work. Then, too, he had started to hit booze pretty heavily. In Cleveland, Ohio, he met a waitress, and they lived together for a time — not more than a month or so, I gathered — but he had left her, too. She had really loved him, he was sure, and he might have been happy with her, but when the urge to run away came over him, he could not resist it.

Later, in Detroit, a man in a rooming house started him using drugs, and after that his descent had been swift. He had quit reading. He had quit thinking. He worked when he could get work and stole or begged when he couldn't. There was nothing that he hadn't done, he told me, no degradation that he hadn't experienced. . . . He told me these things quietly, without self-consciousness and without shame, as if he were speaking clinically about another person whom we both understood.

The drugs and drinking period had lasted about three years, he thought, and then one morning in 'Frisco, in an agony of disgust with himself, he had signed as a seaman on a sailing vessel. His going to sea was not premeditated: he did it on impulse, without thought. He felt, dimly, that he might find in a foreign country what he had looked for and been unable to find in America. He did not find it, of course, but the trip improved his health, and when he returned to the United States six months later, his desire for drugs had left him. After that he had gone to sea regularly for a few years, but he rarely made two voyages on the same steamer.

Then, finally, he had been unable to get a ship at all, but he managed to keep himself alive by doing odd jobs around the docks. Later he got a job as delivery boy for a grocery store. It was while he was so employed that he came to live in Mrs. Southworth's dingy rooming house, about a month before I met him.

He told me all this over a period of days. . . . "What is it you want?" I asked. "What are you looking for?"

"I don't know," he said. "I wish to God I did know. If I knew that, I could lay down this heavy load and rest."

We sat smoking quietly. We had come to the point where we would sit quiet together for long periods. "Where did you learn woodcarving?" I asked casually. He looked at me, but he did not answer. . . . "Mrs. Southworth told me that you were carving a block of wood," I continued lamely, "and of course I saw you taking out those shavings that night. . . ."

His lips opened, and he seemed on the point of telling me something but he changed his mind. "I'll be going now," he said. When he reached the door he turned and came back to me: "You're not offended, are you?"

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"Of course I'm not," I answered. "Why, of course I'm not." Then he went out. "He'll tell me about the carving later, when he is ready to do it," I decided. And I was correct, for sure enough he did. My ship was out of drydock by that time and was going on loading berth the next day. It was my last night in Mrs. Southworth's establishment, and my bag was almost packed when Downey rapped on my door. It was January, and the weather was cold. Outside a mist-like rain was falling. The wind flung the chill spray against my window in intermittent rushes like the brushing of leaves.

III

I OPENED the door, and Downey entered. I stood gaping, amazed at the change that had come over him. His step was brisk, and his eyes were shining; and he seemed to have dropped his sickness, his hunger, and his despair like a shabby coat. There was a buoyancy, a joyousness about him that I could not understand and for which I was not prepared. When he came into my room his shoulders were straight, and there was color in his lined, haggard face. He kept moving about and touching things with a surprised delight. His clothes were soaked, and I could see the raindrops clinging to his frail neck and chest, but he seemed unaware of the cold, as if there were something within that warmed him. Then he sat back in my chair and laughed deeply, the contented laugh of a happy man — it was the most restful sound I have ever heard — and began to talk slowly, trying to find words simple enough to describe his happiness. He raised his hands and brought the blunt tips of his fingers together. . . . "I have found what I have been seeking!" he said. "I have put down my load! . . ."

For a while he talked incoherently, but gradually I began to follow his sentences and piece out his story. . . . It was while working as a delivery boy for the grocery store, before I met him, that he had picked up a block of wood. He had been taking a walk along the bay front that Sunday afternoon, and he saw the block on the dirty beach, just out of reach of the tide. The wood was a golden brown color and unlike any wood he had ever seen. Apparently it had grown in a far country, and had been thrown overboard from some ship by a sailor. When Downey picked up the block and

turned it over and over in his hands he saw that the wood was strongly grained and as he examined it he thought he could detect in its looped and whorled surface the outline of a head. When he discovered that, he sat down and began to trace with the blade of his pocketknife the figure in the wood.

He sat flat on the dirty sand, the block resting between his legs, and worked slowly. Before him was the bay and a small beach littered with driftwood, tin cans, and grapefruit rinds, while behind him, somewhere in the distance, a switch engine was spotting cars of freight for a steamer working overtime. The rhythmical bumping of the cars as the engine hit them and shoved them forward came muffled and uncertain and more and more indistinct, until, at last, the sound lost its meaning for Downey and became the booming of surf a long way off. Then, as he continued to work, the dirty beach disappeared also, and another and an older scene superimposed itself. This is the way Downey described the change to me:

"As I sat there carving on the block, I thought of myself not as a middle-aged delivery boy for a cheap grocery store but as a naked brown man who had crawled out of the protection of his jungle for the first time to stare in amazement at the sea. . . . Behind me stretched hot, misty swamps with huge purple

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and red flowers, larger than a man's head, swinging like bells from the trees. Birds, colored unbelievably, were screaming always on one persistent note, flapping back and forth between the ancient trees, or resting balanced on the swinging lianas, their wings half flushed and ready for flight. . . . Ferns grew as tall as cliffs, and there was a rich mist hanging over everything. Then as I sat there looking into that jungle a strange thing happened to me: I lost all sense of time and space and even of my own identity: I seemed so completely a part of the background I visioned. I could see my own body sitting there: a little, patient, brown man, making a god from a piece of curiously grained wood. . . .

"Later, when it became dark, I returned to my room, carrying the block with me, stroking it with my hands. I had become obsessed with the block, so much so that on the following morning, when it was time to go to the grocery store, I found that I could not. I really made an effort to go out of the room and leave the figure which was taking shape under my hands, but it was impossible. . . ."

That had been three weeks ago, and since then Downey had worked patiently. He knew nothing of woodcarving, he told me, and he had no tools to work with except his knife and a crude scraper which he had made out of a safety-razor blade.

At first Downey had been somewhat ashamed of what he was doing, but as he continued to work the idea gradually took a firm hold on him. . . . "Why shouldn't I make a god of my own?" he asked. . . . "Why not? I could not accept the god of other people." His eyes closed and his lips pressed forward with a faint quiver, as if recently touched in love by other and unseen lips. "What was there absurd about that?" he asked. . . . He sat in his dark room hour after hour, carving and whispering to himself: "I am creating a god of compassion and tenderness. I am not making him all-wise or all-just or all-powerful: I am creating an eager god who loves joy, laughter, and dancing; not cruelty, not bloodshed. 'Sing!' he says; 'sing and love and dance; for the world is a beautiful place, and life is a strange thing which passes quickly!'"

Downey continued to talk, a slight, self-deprecatory smile on his lips. I did not interrupt him. There was nothing that I could say, after all. Suddenly he got up and raised his arms above his head in a gesture of complete adoration.

"To-day I completed the figure and polished it with oil until it shone like a rich lamp in my room. I stood there looking at it. It was not a very good carving, but I had made it, I alone, and I loved it! Then I began to feel half ashamed because it had taken such a hold on my thoughts. . . . I put the figure on the table of my room and stood aside to examine it more critically with half-closed eyes; but before I understood what was happening I found myself on my knees before it, my head thrown back, my hands pressed together, rocking from side to side. . . . Words came tumbling out of me, words which I had not used for a long time: 'Lord! Lord!' I prayed; 'Heal me! Save me! . . . Make me whole!'

"Then an essence flowed through my body: I could feel it moving about in my veins, washing me clean. I could feel tight things, buried in my body for a long time, being loosened and untied by the essence and smoothed flat again. My flesh tingled with a new life. Then, as the essence surged back and forth through me like a river, all grief, disgust, and shame were washed away, and a feeling of rest such as I had never before known came over me. I knelt before the figure for a long time, at peace, my heart swelling with joy and love as if it would burst through my side. . . ."

IV

Downey got up and walked to my window and stared for a time at the river, seen indistinctly through the rain. It was still blowing, and gusts of wind swept the rain against my window with a faint sound, like thrown sand. He stood there, silent, watching the rain swirling over the river, watching the lines of black smoke from factories breaking under the force of the wind and coming together again. . . . Then, after a while, he began to talk in his joyous new voice:

"A long time afterwards, I got up from my knees and went out and walked in the rain. I had forgotten how beautiful red brick would be, or the way wet asphalt reflected in a shallower world the things that surrounded it. I wanted to touch everything with my hands: the red

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bricks, the iron posts, the rough bark of trees. I wanted to feel everything, see everything, and hear everything again. . . . And so I walked in the streets for hours, surprised that the world was so much lovelier than I had thought it; watching the way a tree bent against the wind, the shape of a cloud scurrying across the sky, or raindrops congealing and dripping slowly from the end of a green blind. Somewhere during my walk a woman came to a window and said to someone else within: 'Get the blue; blue wears longer.'

"As I walked the streets I kept turning those words over and over in my mind. To me they possessed a beauty not of this world, a significance beyond the stretch of our dull senses." Downey laughed joyously and pressed his hands together. "Do you understand what I'm trying to tell you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

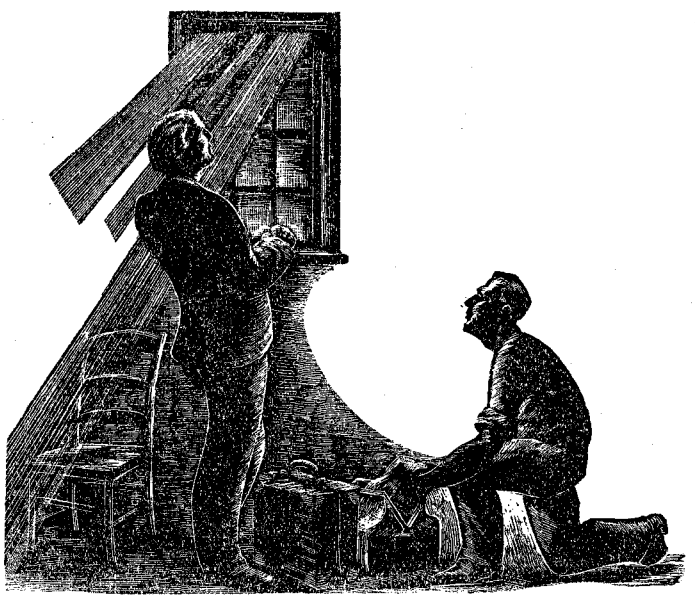
He was silent for a moment and then he continued: "Later on, I saw a man walking toward me. He was an old Negro and he carried a sack filled with junk slung across his shoulders. I went over to him, to help him with his load, but he pulled away as if I meant to rob him. I had wanted to tell him about my new happiness and to share it with him, but when he pulled away I saw how wrong I was. That was the mistake people had always made. I knew, then, that I must never show my god to anybody or even speak his name to another. . . ."

Again Downey walked in my small room. "I'm so happy," he said; "so perfectly happy. . . . Nothing can ever touch me again. Nothing! . . . Pain, hunger, old age, death: they're meaningless words now! They're nothing to me at all!" Then he lifted his enraptured eyes and stared into the sky at a vision which I could not follow. . . .

I got up and began to finish my packing, looking occasionally at Downey standing by the window, watching his exalted face. . . . And I knew then, for the first time, that man is not a completed thing, he is only part of other things which he cannot name and which he but dimly understands. He talks a great deal about freedom but he can never be free: for he is a frail, lost creature, too weak to walk unaided. . . .

I closed my seabag and snapped the lock, saddened all at once because these things were true.

Next Month: "Loard Open da Mouth o' da Gray Fish!"
A Short Story, by Bill Adams



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THE CARE OF THE AGED

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

PLANNED PROVISION for the aged is a relatively new development in the United States. The local or county poor-relief type of old-age care was all that could be expected during the nineteenth century in a rapidly growing country where social protections did not attract much attention. For one thing, relatively few persons survived to old age. So many died early that the expectation of life a century ago was only 40 years. Furthermore, the few who did survive the rigors of life were not as a rule left stranded during their declining years. The country was rich in resources, and most people could, through the exercise of thrift, provide a competence for their old age. Where that was not possible, old people continued at their usual work. When forced at last to quit, they could in most cases live comfortably and decently with their children or relatives. Old and young were bound together in close family ties, and care of the aged parent was a part of the established mores. There was, therefore, no serious problem of old-age dependency. What there was of it was served by poor relief.

But great and rapid changes have come over the country. With advances in sanitation, life has become safer and easier. Many who under the old conditions would have succumbed to the infections have survived to swell the numbers at the older ages. The expectation of life is now well over 60 years. No wonder that the proportion of old people has greatly increased. In 1870 only 3 per cent of our population was over 65; to-day the proportion is about twice as great.

Industrialization, which has so completely changed our social and economic organization, has likewise accentuated the problem of caring for our old people. Work is no longer performed in homes but in factories. Old people are inevitably displaced. The development of industry has also greatly stimulated the growth of our cities, and the crowding of people into narrow urban quarters has weakened the protections of the aged. For these reasons, the problem of caring for the aged has attracted a great deal of attention during the last decade and is now in the forefront of public discussion.

The difficulties are likely to become more pressing with time. Advances in medicine, the declining birth rate, and restricted immigration will all continue to increase the proportion of aged people in the population. Certain calculations which we have made indicate that in the next generation the proportion of persons 65 years of age and over will become stabilized at about 14 per cent, or nearly five times what it was in 1870. It will be well for us under these conditions to be forehanded with our knowledge; for only through a matured policy can the situation be handled at all satisfactorily.

II

THE CARE of the aged has always been a much more acute problem in Europe than in America, and public provision on a large scale began earlier there. As far back as 1889 Bismarck launched a plan of old-age protection for the German wage-earners. All wage-earners and those salaried workers who earned below a certain minimum were covered. They were compelled by the very act of employment to contribute weekly premiums into a state pension fund. Employers contributed equal amounts, and the government added sizeable contributions.

Somewhat liberalized, the system now affords a measure of protection to some 18,000,000 wage-earners. A pension is payable at age 65 to anyone who has contributed for 750 weeks. Approximately 1,500,000 aged people are now receiving benefits. Co-ordinated with this provision for wage-earners is a plan which takes

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care of large numbers of salaried employees in the lower-income groups.

Old-age insurance soon spread in one form or another to other countries of Europe. In most of these the German system was followed in many essential respects. The usual plan was compulsory for most working people and contributory in nature. In a few countries, however, no contributions from the beneficiaries were required. The most interesting example of this type was set up in England in 1908. The act as revised provides grants for those persons over 70 years of age whose annual incomes are less than £49. 17s. 6d., and who satisfy certain requirements as to citizenship, residence, and so on.

But even in Great Britain, this act was later supplemented by a compulsory and contributory pension plan. The act of 1925, now in full operation, provides an annuity beginning at age 65 for all workers who have been insured under the National Health Insurance Act for the last 5 years of employment, who have made 104 contributions, and have averaged 39 contributions a year in the last 3 years. This last qualification has been waived for those who at age 60 have been insured for at least 10 years. Benefits are also provided for widows and orphans. In March, 1932, over 2,000,000 old people were in receipt of payments from these two plans of contributory and non-contributory insurance.

To-day most industrial countries of the world have established insurance funds for their old people; and not one of these countries, once it has adopted an insurance program for its old working people, has repudiated that policy.

III

In America efforts have taken another form. Until recently the care for the dependent aged rested, as we have said, with the local or county poor-relief authorities. Those who were without resources and who had no kin responsible for their care became in most instances inmates of state, county, or municipal institutions; less often they received scanty outdoor relief from poor boards or from philanthropic organizations. The situation was obviously unsatisfactory to all concerned. Social workers especially familiar with the many cases of maladjustment in the homes of the poor urged on our legislatures the need for more adequate relief. Commissions on old-age pensions were appointed in various states to study the actual status of the aged and to recommend legislation. The upshot of these investigations was to point out that the existing provisions were scanty, that they were in many instances humiliating to those aided, and that numbers of persons relied for support on children or relatives who were barely able to care for themselves. The Massachusetts Commission on Pensions, appointed in 1923, interviewed 19,103 individuals who were 65 years of age and over, living in 10 cities and 23 towns. After elimination of Civil War pensioners and recipients of organized charity, there remained 17,420 old persons who constituted, the Commission believed, a representative sample of the entire aged population not cared for by charitable organizations. Of these so-called non-dependent aged people, 17 per cent had absolutely no income; 30 per cent had incomes of less than $300 a year; and 40 per cent owned less than $1,000 in property. Studies by the New York Commission on Old Age Security, by the National Civic Federation, the Connecticut Commission on Old Age Pensions, and others have disclosed very similar facts.

Were the almshouses and similar institutions well equipped to care for all those who can find no other refuge, the situation would have been less serious. The New York State Commission on Old Age Security, for example, reported that the vast majority of poorhouses were old buildings, some without electric lights. A few were fire traps. They were not built for feeble old people and were not adapted to their physical nor to their esthetic needs. The cultured and refined were housed in dormitories with the crude and ignorant and feeble-minded.

Such facts as these, coming to light through careful investigation, at last broke the ice. The feeling was rapidly spreading that self-respecting old people should neither become an added burden on impecunious children, nor be forced to spend their declining years in the demoralizing atmosphere of the poorhouse. Montana, in 1923, was the first of a number of states to pass an old-age relief law which actually went into operation. Wisconsin and

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Nevada followed in 1925, and Kentucky in 1926. In the latter state, operation of this law was optional with the counties, and in 1932 not one county was paying old-age allowances. In 1927 Colorado and Maryland enacted similar laws; California, Minnesota, Utah, and Wyoming followed in 1929; New York and Massachusetts in 1930; and Delaware, Idaho, New Hampshire, New Jersey, and West Virginia in 1931. At the end of 1932 these laws were actually in effect in 17 states; and pensions, so-called, were being paid in 15. Thus far during the present year 11 more states have been added to the list, but in two of these, Arkansas and Colorado, the law has already been declared unconstitutional.

These old-age laws are very much alike. To begin with, they are extensions of county poor relief, and they give nothing to old people as a matter of right. In all the states, except New York, Massachusetts, and New Jersey, which have put such plans into operation the funds are administered locally by county authorities, and in most cases the county bears the entire cost. When the applicant, aged 65 (or 70 in some states) has proved 15 years' citizenship and 15 years' residence in the state, that no one can be held responsible for his support, and that he owns not more than $3,000 in property, he is eligible for relief, provided however that he is not a criminal or a beggar and has not deserted his family. If these requirements are met he is entitled to receive from his county cash payments which vary according to his needs, but which cannot exceed one dollar a day. In New York, Massachusetts, and New Jersey recent legislative acts extending existing welfare laws are giving relief to needy persons 70 and over. New York State pays one-half the costs, Massachusetts one-third, and New Jersey three-fourths. The counties provide the balance.

Although the amount of financial relief paid to the individual beneficiary is small, nevertheless over 100,000 old people were helped in 1932, and received nearly $23,000,000. About 82 per cent of the total of pensioners and over 91 per cent of the total expenditure were accounted for by three states: California, Massachusetts, and New York. New York State alone reported 53 per cent of the total pensioners and over 68 per cent of the money paid out. When such schemes are in full operation in these and the other states the total will probably reach not less than $100,000,000 a year.

These measures are clearly a step in advance. They represent a new way of doing the job, and a way which is in every respect more decent. Furthermore, investigation has shown that the expense of thus caring for old persons is usually less than the cost of institutional care. The California Department of Social Welfare in 1928 reported for example that the average per capita cost of maintenance in the almshouses of that state was $44.74 per month. The average old-age pension, on the other hand, was only $22.08 — a difference of $22.66 a month per old person. New York State saves $15.81 per month by pensioning an aged person instead of sending him to an almshouse, and other states show similar savings. It must be pointed out, however, that the number receiving allowances is much larger than that formerly cared for in almshouses. It is clear also that granting of old-age pensions does not altogether do away with the necessity for almshouses. Old people who are too infirm to shift for themselves and who have no close relatives living will continue to need institutional care.

IV

These state old-age allowance systems will undoubtedly grow under the present momentum until they cover the whole country. There are also other groups of persons who have made no financial outlay, who are in receipt of public old-age benefits. Our federal pension system for those who have participated in past wars is the greatest pension system in the country and undoubtedly the most expensive in the world.

Actual pension systems, however, which have been built up by deliberate and sizeable contributions on the part of those who benefit are being provided for an increasing number of our citizens. Civil-service employees of the federal government, states, and municipalities form a large group who are thus cared for. Most communities provide for their firemen, policemen, and teachers in this way. In 1920 Congress established compulsory contributory insurance for all employees in the classified

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civil service of the United States. Contributions of 2½ per cent of the employees' salaries were required from those in service after the passage of the act, and grants were given for service which had been rendered prior to its adoption. In 1926 contributions were increased to 3½ per cent of salaries. The amount of pension is based both on the employee's salary and on the number of years of service. On June 30, 1932, of the total of 25,600 pensioners, 19,600 had been retired because of old age. The average annuity at that time amounted to $950. Total annuities paid during the year ending June 30, 1932, amounted to over $24,500,000.

State and municipal pension funds in the aggregate cover much larger numbers and account for greater expenditures. Retirement plans for school-teachers have multiplied rapidly following the inauguration of such a plan in New York City in 1894. To December 31, 1931, over 600,000 enrollments had occurred, and at that time over 300,000 teachers were active members of these systems in various states, cities, and counties. A total of 18,661 retirements had been granted up to the beginning of 1931, of which about 15,000 were for superannuation. Annual retirement allowances vary anywhere from an average of $125 in California to an average of $1,342 in New York City.

In addition to these people who benefit through public-service pensions, certain other professional groups not in government employ are given some measure of old-age protection. In 1906 the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching was established to provide a free pension for superannuated teachers in approved universities, colleges, and technical schools. This was originally non-contributory in nature, but in 1918 the older system was replaced by the Teachers' Insurance and Annuity Association of America. By December 31, 1931, a total of 10,276 annuity contracts were held by teachers, the premiums of which are paid, in most cases, half by the colleges and universities and half by the teachers themselves. Retirement funds for clergymen are in operation in most of the important denominations. Under these plans the minister may usually retire at age 65, although the limits are 68 in the Episcopal Church and 70 in the Reformed Church. In 1929 a total of 14,806 pensioners in 13 denominations were receiving allowances, and close to $5,600,000 was expended during that year, the average benefit being $373 per annum.

Certain trade unions and fraternal societies have been active in caring for their aged members. The brotherhoods of Locomotive Engineers, Railroad Trainmen, and Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, and 8 unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor operate pension plans, the funds for which are derived entirely from the members themselves, either through regular dues or special assessments. Pension payments vary anywhere from in the neighborhood of $15 to $70 per month. Probably the number of superannuated workers receiving trade-union pension payments totals somewhat less than 9,000.

Many of these public and private pension funds have in the past experienced rather checkered careers. Based upon poor actuarial computations, some have from time to time been close to disaster. The plans protecting municipal firemen and policemen have given particular concern. Fortunately, in recent years the tendency has been to rectify crudities and develop sound systems of old-age pensions. In the aggregate they have added increasingly large numbers of people to the ranks of those who need not be haunted by the specter of dependency during their declining years.

V

The future will, I believe, witness the widespread development of pension plans which will be built up throughout the productive life of the workers, in part through their own contributions and in part through the contributions of their employers.

This type of provision, the so-called contributory industrial pension, has made great strides in our country during the past 50 years. Although many industries have as yet hardly been touched, there are nearly 200 of these plans in operation to-day. The trend is definitely in their direction.

This trend toward contributory plans is well illustrated by the experience of the Standard Oil Company of New York, now merged with the Vacuum Oil Company as the Socony-Vacuum Corporation. Both these companies

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for many years operated informal non-contributory pension plans. Early in 1931, however, the Standard Oil Company announced the inauguration for its 45,000 employees of a contributory retirement and insurance plan, under which the workers themselves, through deductions from their pay envelopes, carry a substantial portion of the cost of the fund. Under this plan the retirement age is 65 for men and 55 for women, with certain exceptions in cases of extremely long service. Upon reaching this age the employee is entitled to a pension of about 2 per cent of his average annual salary previous to retirement, multiplied by the number of years he has been in the company's employ. Thus, after 30 years' service and upon reaching the age of 65 he will be entitled to a pension of at least 60 per cent of his average pay.

These employees are given a guarantee that the system will remain solvent by the largest life-insurance company in the world, which administers the fund. The relations between the employee and the employer are in the nature of a contract, and the retirement benefits are irrevocable. Regardless of the length of his service, if the employee leaves the company he may withdraw his cash-surrender value, which represents the sum of his contributions to the annuity benefit. He may, however, on discontinuing employment any time prior to 25 years' service, leave his cash-surrender value with the insurance company and at retirement age receive a lifetime income which his own contributions have purchased; or he may further build up his annuity by continuing his contributions directly to the insurance company. If, on the other hand, he leaves his work at any time after 25 years of employment, he will at retirement age receive a life income purchased by his own contributions and the company's.

Many other large employers are to-day following much the same practices. The employee meets his share of the responsibility through contributions of from 3 to 4 per cent of his wage. The employer, on his part, bears well over half the total cost of the system. At age 65 or thereabouts, the employee may retire on a lifetime income. Under a typical plan the young employee of 25 years may confidently look forward to a very substantial retirement allowance. Assume that he enters the plan to-day at a wage of $80 a month. Five years from now his pay is increased to $100 a month, 10 years later to $130, and 10 years later to $165, at which rate he is paid until retirement at age 65. His contributions to the fund have increased from $2.50 to $5 a month, and upon retirement he is guaranteed a lifetime income of about $80 a month, or $960 a year.

The real difficulty in initiating these pension plans lies in providing for older employees. When a system is adopted by a large organization it is necessary in some way to meet the accrued liability of those employees who have arrived at a fairly advanced age and who have as yet made no contributions toward their own pensions. Many employers have assumed these accrued liabilities; but to do this involves considerable expense in many instances and has in the past been the main stumblingblock in the extension of this system of industrial pensions. Sometimes it has been found necessary to allow a somewhat smaller credit for past than for present and future services.

More than 5,000,000 people in the United States are now afforded the protection of formal industrial retirement plans of various types, contributory and non-contributory. There are well over 600 known formal plans in operation and possibly as many more of which we have no record. Even now, however, only about one-tenth of the wage-earners in the United States are covered. Here lies the great possibility for the future.

It must not be supposed that this type of pension system is without criticism. The chief difficulty is that the accumulated pension does not usually move with the employee from plant to plant, although it can readily do so when the employer consents. The large labor turnover in America has made this a serious problem and one which will not be entirely solved until the worker can be assured of protection irrespective of his place of employment. These ends would be on the way to accomplishment if a large majority of employers operated similar retirement plans and administered them through large life-insurance companies and trusts which specialize in this line of business. Under this arrangement each employer would guarantee his part of the pension for the

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period of service rendered to him by the worker. There would also be no fear as to the soundness of the financial basis of the contracts, which would be free of the vicissitudes of fortune of individual establishments. Moreover, the worker's interests entrusted to such financial organizations would be subjected to the same public supervision and control as are other insurance funds. The retired worker would then be assured of adequate annuities, and would not need to depend upon charity or upon state old-age allowances. When this has been achieved, a new era in providing for the security of our people will have dawned.

VI

We must, finally, remember that the great mass of the American people has always, through thrift, made some provision for old age. This it has done by purchasing its own homes, by putting aside money in savings banks, and by investing in personal life insurance. We have always taken pride in our ability to provide for ourselves.

In no other country are there so many savings accounts of comparatively poor people. On June 30, 1932, the nearly 45,000,000 savings accounts in classified banks in the United States totaled more than $24,000,000,000. Postal savings alone totaled over $614,000,000. Equally important are the savings effected through the institution of life insurance. More than 50 per cent of the 125,000,000 inhabitants of the United States are to-day protected in this way. In almost all of our families, particularly in cities and towns, at least one member is a policyholder. In the aggregate there is well over $100,000,000,000 of life insurance, approximately 70 per cent of the world total, in force in our country. The admitted assets of our legal reserve companies alone amounted to almost $21,000,000,000 at the close of 1932.

Obviously, life insurance ranks high as an old-age protection. A large proportion of the policies are definitely issued on the endowment plan and become available as cash, or can be converted into annuities at age 60 or 65. More recently a considerable number of our better-circumstanced people have purchased individual annuities definitely providing incomes for their old age, very much as has for a long time been the custom in France. But even where insurance is of the whole-life type, that is, payable only in the event of death, reserve values of sizeable amounts are usually available to the policyholders at advanced ages, and may be converted into annuities for the remaining years. Experience has also shown that in many instances the beneficiaries of life-insurance policies are themselves old people when the death of the insured occurs. Unfortunately we do not know just how much all of these savings and insurance benefits make available to persons who arrive at age 65. The amounts are large, however, and though the distribution may be very uneven, the mantle of protection which is thrown around old people is generous and keeps out a great deal of stormy weather. In each of the surveys made by state old-age commissions, a considerable proportion of the old people were found amply provided for through their own investments and through the other evidences of personal thrift and self-denial.

In spite of present inadequacies, old-age provision in our country is rapidly progressing to the point where our people will be as well if not better protected than any in the world. An excellent foundation has been laid. The return of normal employment conditions should be reflected in smaller numbers of dependent aged. For the latter, recent developments suggest that all the states will soon adopt legislation providing relief in their homes. The movement toward industrial pension plans is growing rapidly and should embrace in its coverage a large part of our working population. This is both good business and good social policy. It will not be long before the present programs of government and of industry have been achieved. But I hope we shall continue as a nation to put our chief reliance upon such individual instrumentalities as savings and insurance for old-age protection. Then we shall be nearer the goal when our old people can retire to their own firesides, self-respecting citizens free from the threat of dependency and want. The American conscience and intelligence have been touched, and with good results. With our resources of wealth, good will, and ingenuity we shall never be content to ignore even a small part of our responsibility toward old people. In no better way can we as a nation express our altruism.

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THEY DON'T SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE

BY H. T. WEBSTER

I CATCH GUARD AGAIN TO-MORROW, ALICE
O.D. AGAIN, AND ON A SUNDAY! OH DEAR, JIM, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH SOME OTHER SHAVETAIL PULLING A GUARD? ARE YOU ON THE C.O.'S DITCH LIST?
NO, IT'S NOT THE OLD MAN'S FAULT, DEAR. JENKINS IS ON S.D. AS POST EX OFFICER, SMILEY'S THE S.C.M. RECORDER, JACKSON'S ON D.S. AT G.H.Q. AND BILLINGS IS D.O.L. WITH THE R.O.T.C.
JUST THE SAME, JIM, I'LL BET THEY'RE SKINNING YOU ON THE ROSTER WHAT'LL I DO NOW FOR A DRAG AT THE OFFICERS' CLUB HOP TO-MORROW NIGHT?
BILL KING'LL DRAG YOU, ALICE. HE'S JUST BACK FROM A D.S. TRIP AFTER A DOUGH THAT WENT OVER THE HILL
HM! I S'POSE THAT SOLDIER'LL BE S.O.L. NOW — PROBABLY CATCH A YEAR AND A KICK
NO, HE'S AN OLD TIMER WITH LOTS OF HASH MARKS, WITH A GOOD DEFENSE COUNSEL HE'LL GET AWAY WITH AN A.W.O.L. PLEA AN' GET THREE AND A BLIND
EVEN THREE MONTHS IN THE MILL AND A FINE SHOULD TEACH THAT MAN A LESSON
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, DEAR. A LOT OF DOUGHS'D RATHER PULL A THREE-BIT IN THE MILL THAN DO SQUADS EAST AND WEST ON THE PARADE GROUND
BY THE WAY, JIM, THAT WINDJAMMER YOU PICKED FOR YOUR DOG-ROBBER WON'T DO. HE'S JUST A GOLD-BRICKING DUTY-DODGER
WELL, DEAR, HE'LL JUST HAVE TO DO UNTIL AFTER WE PULL THAT CHOW FIGHT FOR THE JOHNSONS
THE JOHNSONS! HOW I DREAD THAT DATE! WHY, JIM, THEY DON'T SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE AT ALL! ALL THEY TALK IS INTERIOR DECORATING!

Courtesy of the New York Herald Tribune © *New York Tribune, Inc.*

"THEY DON'T SPEAK our language" — and we don't speak theirs.

If you have a tendency to be smug about your large vocabulary and just a shade snooty about that of the so-called Booboisie — lay off your lofty lid, laddie, and let your hair dry. The chances are that the "saps" savvy conversation you wouldn't even suspect.

Take on a cargo of this:

Two shopgirls in the seat ahead of me on a street car. Judged by their looks Binet wouldn't even let them *enter* an intelligence test. Call them Jennie and Dollie for convenience.

JENNIE. Why not buzz Eddie for the brawl?

DOLLIE. That flat hoop! He wouldn't rate a blind date with a cold biscuit.

JENNIE. Wassa mat? He outdoor you? I thought he was the principal rave and the real McCoy in your y.l.

DOLLIE. That's torn. And I turned on the fan myself. I glimmed him with a snuggle-puppy in a can and I told him he couldn't double-clock me with that kind of a number. Anyhow, he's no bargain, and does he spread the frosting thin!

At this point I reeled off the car ten blocks from my stop. What is laughingly known as the brain, bean, nut, etc. of this performer now at the mike was — to coin a phrase — all haywire. I had gathered that a young man named Eddie was under discussion, but Dollie and Jennie had kept the rest from me as effectively as though they chattered Chaldean.

But most of the words sank into my subconscious, and I was able to repeat them to a sapient — no relation to sap — youth who honors this ancient with his tolerant companionship at times.

"Where have you bean?" he jeered. "Those janes weren't spilling anything but plain U. S.

"One of them wanted to phone this bird Eddie for a party, but the other frail said he was a wet smack — a social dud to you — who wasn't fit to be selected as an escort for a girl he didn't know, even a dame who lacked sex appeal and otherwise wouldn't do. Then the first baby wanted to know what was the big idea, had Eddie given her the air, put her under the oxygen tent, gated her — in other words thrown her over? Hadn't he been her chief enthusiasm and the genuine goods in her young life?

"The other one simply said that was all washed up, fini. That if anybody did any airing she'd done it herself because she saw Eddie taking one of these eager neckers out in an automobile, and she had told him he couldn't

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two-time her — double-cross her, to speak dictionary stuff — with that kind of a doll. Besides, she said he wasn't so hot and that he was no spendthrift."

Well, that's how it all began, my dears, that's how it all began. Jennie and Dollie started those "They Don't Speak Our Language" cartoons. Or at least they were the direct inspiration, though the idea might readily have germinated from the day in '96 when Bill Lambert came back to my home town of Tomahawk, Wis. (pop. 2,500) after a visit to Chicago.

Bill hailed me from afar and paralyzed me with:

"How's your couverosity sagaciating this morning?"

In those ante-syndicate, ante-radio, ante-talkie days, argot spread less swiftly than now, but Bill and I knocked all of Tomahawk for a loop with *that* one inside twenty-four hours.

It was not until lately that I found "sagaciate" in the dictionary, there defined as "to do or be in any way; think, talk or act, as indicating a state of mind or body: as, how do you sagaciate this morning? (Slang, U. S.)" But the Rosetta stone, the key for interpreting the motive if not the meaning of all slang, was contained in the given example of its usage. This was taken from Joel Chandler Harris' Uncle Remus stories:

"'How duz yo' sym'tums seem ter sagashuate?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee."

Caste Marks of Speech

I have a notion all of us are Uncle Remusing when we adopt an esoteric system of speech — chemists, cartoonists, doctors, lawyers, merchants, thieves. It is the caste mark, or if you insist upon being old-fashioned, the snake's hips! Everybody seems to indulge in it. And do I go for it in a big way! For me it amounts to very nearly the equivalent of one day off a week. This is about as often as I dare to base a panel of drawings on a cartoon idea which is captioned, "They Don't Speak Our Language."

I had relocated "sagaciate" in a dictionary of the approximate dimensions of a doghouse, but anybody who tries to issue a one-volume lexicon of American slang will have something the size of a cow barn.

Slanguage, argot, jargon, lingo — where does it all come from? The Big Towns are still largely the clearing houses of slang, but not so much of it originates on the Main Stems as when I was a boy. Ade, once a daily geyser of fresh whimsies, spouts now only once in a while. Hughey McKeogh, Tad, H. C. Witwer, and Ring Lardner, creators of lines and phrases still current, are trading wise wheezes with Rabelais and Mark Twain in Valhalla. Bugs Baer, Bill McGeehan, Bud Fisher, Damon Runyon, Walter Winchell, Rube Goldberg, and Milt Gross initiate and chronicle much vivid and picturesque street speech, but the bulk of it flows into the reservoir of language from shops, mills, factories, laboratories, jails, speakeasies, colleges, the sea, sports, and the stage.

Not all of these languages of ours which "they" do or don't speak, are slang. Many of them are pure technology, codes to which only the initiated have the key. But technology, argot, or slang — these various examples of dialect and patois drive conscientious philologists gaga.

As there are not so many philologists, the real burden is borne by hosts and hostesses, of whom there are a great many. The Websters of Shippan Point, Connecticut, for instance, decide to entertain a group of friends, with the notion of making everyone feel neighborly. Enter Mr. and Mrs. Bushmiller. He is in the banana business, and they promptly spot Mr. and Mrs. Gross, likewise in the banana business. At once they rush together as if they were particles of quicksilver.

"Nice cargo of Santa Marta eights and nines that came in yesterday," says Mr. Bushmiller.

"Yeah," says Mr. Gross. "Guatemala is running heavier average this year. They only cut full three-quarters."

"Hummph," continues Mr. Bushmiller, "I'm sticking to count bunches for the city trade, and there's good dough in reds and lady fingers for the fancy fruit stores."

"But," says Mr. Gross, "try to pull out the color on a bunch of bananas not up to grade. Y'gotta sweat 'em and gas 'em."

Meantime the Williamses and the Gordons are in an insurance huddle, discussing skips, lapses, coverage, fiduciaries, and groups — while Doctor Frink and Doctor Hogan are

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adding to the general chumminess of the occasion with light and airy badinage about accommodative asthenopia, emmetropia, binocular fusion, achromatic orthogons, visual axes, and diopters of esophoria. As a further flux for these divergent elements of the party we have Professor and Mrs. Leech, who will talk on helminthology with anybody and on anthropology with nobody — and whom I suspect of making up all the words they use over six syllables. There just ain't no such words.

And when Mrs. Webster and I introduce a broad general topic of conversation such as the relative merits of Lenz, Culbertson, Official, or One-Over-One and use such simple terms as demands, overcalls, sikes, slams, open hands, fourteen counts, yarboroughs, and double ruffs, we find we've unfortunately gathered together a bunch of impossible dubs who Don't Speak Our Language. And the party does a dive.

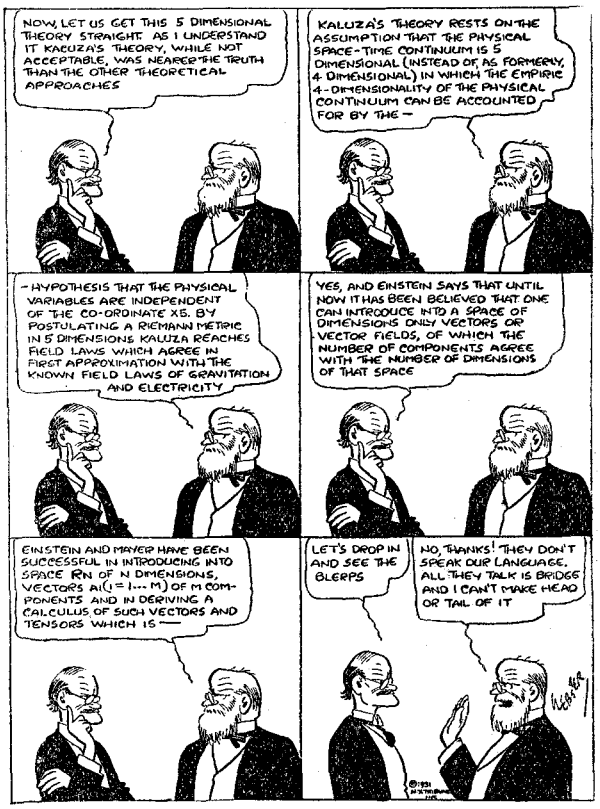
The Greeks Had a Word for It

It's tough on the host and hostess, but it takes all kinds to make a language as well as a world. And language, like men, if it isn't fed, dies. It's the corruptions, the vulgarisms, the slang that keep speech vital. The only pure language is a dead one. And even the pellucid Greek of Aristotle and the limpid Latin of Vergil were compounds of the lexicographers' dicta and the diction of Athenian bars and Roman gladiatorial spectators. Take any modern slang, and I'm betting eight to five the Greeks had a word for it. It's classic, now, but the pedants must have crabbed when they first heard it.

I hazard the guess that if a Spartan dick (detective, if you haven't never heard nuthin') were describing a case to a group of his fellows, his speech would have just about the same relation to that in the grammars of his time as that of a New York plainclothesman, whom I overheard one day, bears to the book English of now. (A clumsy sentence — but I'm only a cartoonist.)

"This peterman," quoth he, "has a keister full of power.

"He cases the joint and skeletons in. He just gets the jug souped when the dark horse makes him. Well, this gun is a bangster, all snowed up, so he gives the dark horse the heat and lams.


NOW, LET US GET THIS 5 DIMENSIONAL THEORY STRAIGHT. AS I UNDERSTAND IT KALUZA'S THEORY, WHILE NOT ACCEPTABLE, WAS NEARER THE TRUTH THAN THE OTHER THEORETICAL APPROACHES
KALUZA'S THEORY RESTS ON THE ASSUMPTION THAT THE PHYSICAL SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM IS 5 DIMENSIONAL (INSTEAD OF, AS FORMERLY, 4 DIMENSIONAL) IN WHICH THE EMPIRIC 4-DIMENSIONALITY OF THE PHYSICAL CONTINUUM CAN BE ACCOUNTED FOR BY THE —
— HYPOTHESIS THAT THE PHYSICAL VARIABLES ARE INDEPENDENT OF THE CO-ORDINATE X5. BY POSTULATING A RIEMANN METRIC IN 5 DIMENSIONS KALUZA REACHES FIELD LAWS WHICH AGREE IN FIRST APPROXIMATION WITH THE KNOWN FIELD LAWS OF GRAVITATION AND ELECTRICITY
YES, AND EINSTEIN SAYS THAT UNTIL NOW IT HAS BEEN BELIEVED THAT ONE CAN INTRODUCE INTO A SPACE OF DIMENSIONS ONLY VECTORS OR VECTOR FIELDS, OF WHICH THE NUMBER OF COMPONENTS AGREE WITH THE NUMBER OF DIMENSIONS OF THAT SPACE
EINSTEIN AND MAYER HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN INTRODUCING INTO SPACE Rn OF N DIMENSIONS, VECTORS Ai(i = 1 ... M) OF M COMPONENTS AND IN DERIVING A CALCULUS OF SUCH VECTORS AND TENSORS WHICH IS —
LET'S DROP IN AND SEE THE BLERPS
NO, THANKS! THEY DON'T SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE. ALL THEY TALK IS BRIDGE AND I CAN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF IT

He gets away in a heap, but we nab his gander, and, besides, his calling cards are all over the crib. The gander squawks, and the mobster gets rapped for the hot squat. His lip couldn't spring him. He's lying in state in the dance hall now."

I'll give you the glossary and you can roll your own story. Peterman — safe-blower; keister — suit case; power — explosive; cases the joint — looks over the place; skeletons in — uses skeleton keys; soup — another word for nitroglycerin; jug — safe; dark horse — night watchman; gun — crook; bangster — drug addict; snowed up — full of dope; gives the heat — shoots; lam — you know that one; heap — automobile; gander — lookout; calling cards — fingerprints; crib — safe; mobster — crook, again; rapped — sentenced; lip — lawyer; spring — free; lying in state — imprisoned; dance hall — death house; hot squat — electric chair.

Supposedly, criminal argot is a means by which crooks talk without revealing anything to non-crooks. Actually, I never knew a detective who hadn't a better vocabulary of that stuff than the average yegg.

Which will be enough about the underworld.

From more legitimate sources we get stuff

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HE PROBABLY HAS SOME EMOTIONAL OBSESSION- AGORAPHOBIA, CLAUSTROPHOBIA, ASTRAPHOBIA OR ONOMATOMANIA
I SHOULD SAY IT WAS A COMPULSION NEUROSIS
DON'T FORGET THAT OBSESSION NEUROSIS IS CHARACTERIZED BY A CONSTANT AMBIVALENCE
YOU MAY THINK DEFENSE PSYCHOSES ARE CLOSE TO HYSTERIA BUT THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE: WHILE IN HYSTERIA THERE IS A GREAT AMOUNT OF FREE FLOATING LIBIDO—
-WHICH ATTACHES ITSELF TO EXTERIOR OBJECTS, IN DEFENSE PSYCHOSES, IT SEEMS TO FASTEN ITSELF TO THE EGO AND LEADS TO DELUSIONS OF GREATNESS
WANT TO DROP IN ON THE BLINKS TO-NIGHT?
CERTAINLY NOT! THEY DON'T SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE. I'LL BET THEY NEVER EVEN HEARD OF FREUD OR PSYCHOANALYSIS

almost equally esoteric. I read in *Billboard* the other day ads for a Hot Sax; Med. People; Tent Rep.; Bannerman; Fast Trumpet, modern go; Ballyhoos, Bingos, and Puritans; and — Sousaphonist, single and SOBER. But I suppose a sousaphonist has something to do with an instrument named after the late great bandmaster and not after "souse."

Which reminds me. How many words do you know as synonyms for drunk? Soused, shined, shellacked, edged, jingled, pie-eyed, pickled, lit, petrified, paralyzed — and plenty more. But look for most of them in the dictionary — with that popular meaning — and you'll find They Don't Speak Our Language. I don't think you'll find "hey-hey" or "making whoopee," either.

But back to the *Billboard*. I also ran into "flesh-shows," which doesn't mean burlesque, but merely flesh-and-blood shows in contrast to "grinds" — movies. I also found "neighb. house" and "deluxer" — small neighborhood cinema and the big one infested with ushers.

Musicians have their code, of course. I learned recently that a grunt iron is a tuba, and among other things that when the bull-fiddler (viol player) plucks the strings of his instrument like a harp he is slapping the doghouse.

From the stage we have "wow," "frost," "riot," "ham," and "upstage" — to pick five from five thousand phrases. From the track, "gee" is all I think of now — I never paddocked much. I'm inclined to think that "blah," "bunk," "blither," "poppycock," "hooey," and "bushwa" came from politics. "Banana oil," "applesauce," and "boloney" are the inspirations of individual comic-strip men — and darn good ones, too.

Circus Slanguage

But the slanguage that's nearest to my heart is circus and carnival argot. You see, when I was an appleknocker in the sticks, my ambition (what boy's isn't?) was to travel with a circus. Well, I rated it — about ten years ago.

A number of cartoonists, the late Clare Briggs and myself among them, had the luck to be invited to tour with the circus; and the hick kid from Tomahawk wouldn't have had more fun than I did.

It was no surprise to discover that on the lot zebras are convicts; that the big carnivora of the menagerie, lions, tigers, and leopards, are cats; or that musicians are windjammers. Made-up as a clown, it was my daily custom to cavort around the arena with the professional funnies, and I began to fancy myself a real trouper by such aids as the mental process of thinking of elephants, in my old-fashioned way, as bulls. There was a kick in that.

But I didn't begin to feel a real sophisticate in this circus life until I learned that when the bulls were used to push wagons out of the mud they were rubber mules; that blues were general admission tickets; that an ace was a dollar; that a connection was the tent corridor between menagerie and big tent; that a dolly was a movable crane; that to get with it was to join the outfit; that a gilly was a small show traveling in hired cars; a mender an adjuster of disputes and such with the town authorities; a jig a Negro; a mitt a palmist; and a sucker a monkey.

Other items in this circus curriculum were "pipe" for letter (or talk), "razorbacks" for roustabouts, "bloomer" for bad business, and "red" for a town where business was good. (Same color as "in the red" but opposite in meaning.) Then there was "grinder" for a ballyhoo man (but only for one who stayed out-

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side), "advertise" for being noisy in public, "shack" for a train brakeman, and, of course "Annie Oakleys" for passes.

Often in railroad coaches I puzzle over mysterious phrases spoken in conversation between American business men. They talk about rack losses, surface leakages, electrostatic capacities, lawning machines, and pug mills. As I move away out of earshot, I have a better understanding of what Professor Charles A. Beard means when he says civilization is getting too complicated for human minds to run it.

Some words take different color from varied trades. Hardly had I become aware that "job" was the current term among automobile men for any car, when Fred Kelly reported, from Peninsula, Ohio, another application of the word. A tombstone-maker had been showing Fred some of his samples in the local cemetery. On the drive back to town the monument man jerked his thumb at a passing woman. "That," he said, "is the widow of that Blue Granite job I showed you!"

Boat- and casket-makers use it, it's probably current among shovers of the queer for a phony note, and no doubt missionaries are now substituting it for "convert."

Hollywood Version

There is a constant need of new words and phrases to describe implements and situations that did not exist in the days when Addison and Steele were writing pure English. Both, I am sure, would make uncritical and grateful notations if they could follow a Hollywood cameraman and listen to his responses to his wife's questions on the day's work.

"What a day!" they would hear. "I cranked over five thousand feet of raw stock."

"Actually?"

"Yeah. All panchromatic and heavy emulsion. Sprocket holes bad, too."

"You'd better crash that kodak. When the last batch came out of the soup it wasn't fit to drum. Are you sure the grips got your gobos right?"

For the benefit of Addison and Steele and more recent laymen, who may possibly know that grips are stagehands, soup is developing fluid, and a drum is the reel on which film is wound, "gobos" should be more carefully explained. Why a black panel screen that shields a camera lens from bright lights should be called a gobo, I dunno, but gobo it is.

There's an old movie story of a director who hired a bunch of New York toughs and their molls as extras for a riot scene. After much drill he suddenly shouted: "Strip the silks off the broads."

The East Siders began to rip the clothes off the nearest girls. "Stop!" yelled the director. "Not you extras! I'm talking to the juicer."

What the extras had interpreted as a rough-house command was an order to the electrician to take the silk screens off the stage lights — "broads."

"Dubbin" is another word found only in movieland. It's the process by which films are prepared for export to countries speaking Another Language. The scheme is to synchronize the alien words with the lip movements of American stars — thus making it appear, for example, that Greta Garbo speaks Japanese as well as other languages, including the Scandinavian. It's an intricately technical piece of deception — and "dubbin" is its name, a corruption of "doubling."

The talkies require so many new devices that it's not strange they create a new language. The "boom," for instance, is a telescopic arm on a rubber-tired carriage which will carry a microphone to any part of the set. It's not a bit like a ship's boom now, but that's where the word came from originally. "Blimp" is the sound-proof box that muffles the noise of the camera. Originally it was a bag-like affair resembling a small dirigible. Hence blimp. It's a verb, too. The cameraman spends his day blimping.

Synchronization is the operation of timing the sound track to the action on the screen. It's much too long a word for daily use, so it becomes "sink." When the adjustment is being made in the laboratory, the picture is in sink.

And there are more subtle matters to be disposed of by the director. He might have his face slapped if he spoke frankly what is in his mind when he wants the star to leave off a brassiere or drape a leg over the arm of her chair or in some other manner to inject sex appeal. "Now sweetheart," he says impersonally and euphemistically, "right here, if you please, some of the old McGoo." Who is McGoo? I

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don't know. I merely know the important thing: what McGoo is.

Just the other day I heard what was for me a new one that served to revive a boyish thrill. Long ago in Tomahawk, Willie Miller, who acted as janitor of the Opera House, in one of the dressing rooms found an abandoned set of false gray whiskers. On the basis of a library loan I gained temporary possession of them. There were incisions in the sides which enabled me to hang the beard from my ears in a swift adjustment. Unhappily everyone recognized me. When I mentioned it recently to Charles Coburn and described the incisions, he defined its purpose. When there is need in a play for a minor character to walk across the stage carrying a trunk or leading a dog, some member of the cast doubles in this part, and the disguise is a beard of the sort I borrowed. "It was," Mr. Coburn informed me, "a cross-over beard."

Remember Bill Frawley who played the tough sergeant in *Sons o' Guns?* Recently he walked into Marty Forkins' booking office and there encountered an old friend — a vaudevillian. This chap's act had died because his wife, who had played with him, spoiled most of his lines. The vaudeville man was about to go to Hollywood to make a short picture as a low comedian, with something better in prospect for the autumn.

"How're things?" said Bill.

"Colder than a well-digger's feet. The point killer took up my badge. I'm drifting west to put on big pants. I'm through with the mouse-traps. Big time next season. My new partner's hotter than a pistol. She'll burn up the first five rows."

I asked Frawley to interpret "hotter than a pistol" for me. "The new partner in the act," he said, "is a red-headed girl."

Dumbing It Down

If there is one fact which is clear about the genesis of such words of slang as are worth repetition, it is that they are blown off as naturally as lava from lively minds cramped by a limited lexicon when under the pressure of a need for expression. Occasionally in times of stress, just as a stricken community gets help from the fire department or militia of adjoining regions, a word is borrowed. The theater has frequent need of a word for failure, and the cipher of the baseball scoreboards has served its people well. Consequently, when stock market prices dropped in 1929 as they had not dropped since 1873, the theater had a word for it, and *Variety* placed over the news story this headline: "Wall Street Lays an Egg."

It is the strictures of column rules in tabloid newspapers that gave us "love nest" and other crisp phrases with which to talk about what one of the colored help in the New York Newspaper Club was accustomed to speak of as "female trouble." The mass circulation of the tabloids is a forcing bed, guaranteeing a swift growth of their terse and often euphemistic phrases; but the boot-and-shoe trade, the morgue-keepers, the delicatessen men, each, I am sure, have a language as little understood by outsiders as if it were Choctaw. I don't mind that. But I do dislike the pretentious jargon of some professions.

Take some such simple matter as an old prize fighter walking on round heels. A couple of psychiatrists if appealed to for a diagnosis of the case will stumble around among a bewildering undergrowth of strange and invariably long words; but another prize fighter after one glance will say with authority: "Slug-nutty." This is one I like.

I can cheer, too, for the Hollywood gag men in conference on a comedy which has been revealed as too subtle, when they determine they must dumb it down. That phrase saves time and wearying gestures. And "switcheroo" has value in the state department as well as in the mouth of gag men.

"We can have him drunk and eating all the cherries out of the cocktails," proposes one gag man.

"No," objects another. "Lloyd did that."

"Oke," says the chief gag man. "We'll pull a switcheroo. We'll use olives instead."

Which may be why it is my private opinion that the quick passing of technocracy as an idea for conducting human affairs as well as a publicity device was due largely to its esoteric vocabulary. In other words, it laid an erg. And I doubt if we'll ever get far with currency stabilization or other international economic adjustments until economists begin abandoning the argot of celestial mathematicians.

The trouble with the Better Minds is that They Don't Speak Our Language.

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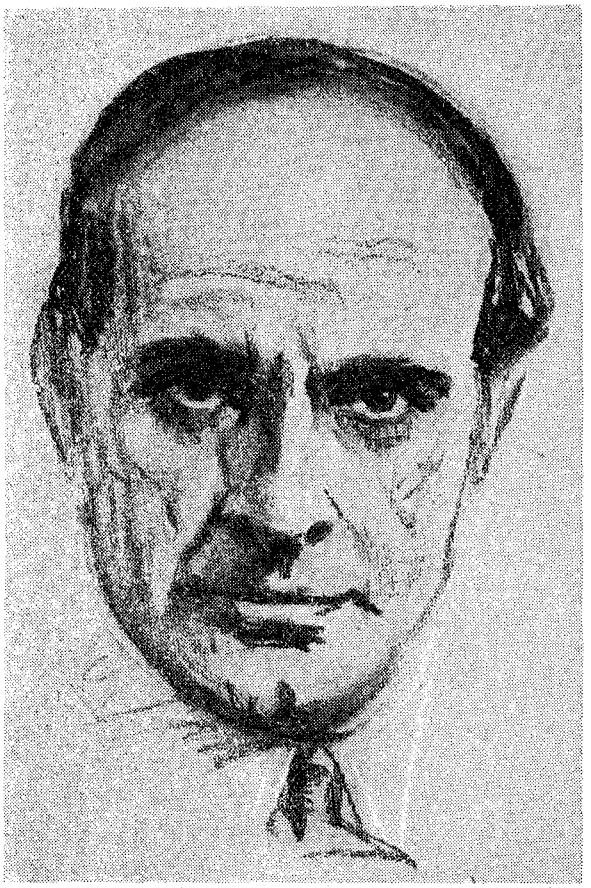
ORTEGA Y GASSET

BY MILDRED ADAMS



From an Original Drawing *Courtesy of W. W. Norton & Co.*

THE SEA CHANGE that comes over so many foreign authors on their first appearance in this country has seldom wrought more curiously than in the case of Don José Ortega y Gasset. The mathematical Bertrand Russell buried under the mantle of free love, Count Keyserling in the napkin of a gourmet presented spectacles no stranger than that of the Spanish philosopher in the guise of involuntary adviser to Wall Street.

Beyond the facts on the jacket of his book, which stated that its author was a professor of philosophy at the University of Madrid, that he was one of the moving spirits in the Spanish revolution and a deputy to the Republic's first Cortes, that he was, in that generality dear to blurb-writers, "one of the foremost thinkers of Europe," very little seemed to be known about him. Yet no less an authority than the *Wall Street Journal* hailed his *Revolt of the Masses* as "of first importance in aiding the reader to an understanding of the fundamental causes of the world's distress" and declared him to have rounded up and co-ordinated in one thesis the material of Walter Lippmann, Frank Simonds, and Sir Arthur Salter.

Thus suddenly invested with a triune personality (which managed, incidentally, to leave out most of the characteristics of the man himself), he created a stir in circles which might have been more difficult of access had he arrived in a more typical rôle. Coming on the wave of popularity that accompanies these days almost anything with an economic tinge, his book was reviewed with laudatory marvelings by the most influential literary supplements in the country, and in a few months it achieved the status of a best seller.

Yet there were drawbacks to this sudden fame. If *The Revolt of the Masses* reached an audience that did not in the long run properly belong to its author, it also alienated part of the audience to which his real genius entitled him. Its very facility, the erudition obvious on every page, the ease with which it juggled difficult problems made it suspect among the thoughtful. As the first work of an unknown it said too much and too little.

This was a phenomenon not unfamiliar to readers of translations, but in this instance it was rendered particularly distressing by the nature of the book and of the man who wrote it. José Ortega y Gasset is neither a dispenser of economic nostrums nor a one-book man. His work over the course of the last twenty years is an organic achievement whose parts are closely knit, and whose whole has many facets.

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To tear any one essay out of its place in the stream of his accomplishment, and present it without background to an alien audience is to do violence both to it and to him. This is doubly true of *The Revolt of the Masses*, which of all that he has written is perhaps the least typical. The reasons for translating it at this time are obvious, but the fact that it deals with problems of pressing importance to the modern world does not mean that it forms an adequate introduction to its gifted author.

That that introduction, in whatever guise, has been so long in coming can be attributed only to the curious gulf which separates the United States from Spain. Had Señor Ortega with all his achievements, with his fame in Europe and South America, been a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German, his work would have been known here, either in the original or the translation, long before this present day.

But Spain is a different matter. Only romanticists, more interested in the picturesque than the actual, go there of their own volition. Only men anxious to win the South American trade read the language after they leave school. So this extraordinary individual who combines the skill of a philosopher, a teacher, a critic, an editor, a journalist, and a statesman, who is more than any other single man responsible for the amazing changes that are taking place in Spain to-day, remained unknown to American readers until an anonymous Englishman translated a volume which happened by a combination of extraneous circumstances to catch the public eye.

Amor Intellectualis

José Ortega y Gasset was born in 1883 in Madrid — the stuffy, sentimental, bombastic, nineteenth-century Madrid which after years of misrule and civil warfare had tried to be the seat of a republic and succeeded only in falling back into the antiquated shelter of a Bourbon monarchy. Victoria reigned in England, and in Spain, a frail king who was soon to die and leave his battered country in the hands of a pious and pregnant queen. Ortega was just two years old when was born the child who at once became Alfonso XIII. Forty-six years later that same monarch was to leave his throne in the night and go away, and for that leaving the other child would bear a responsibility as yet unmeasured.

But first there was the Spanish-American War and contact with that group known as the Generation of '98. Ortega was fifteen, the child of a newspaper-owning family, when the Spanish fleet sailed out to administer a rebuke to the interfering upstarts of North America, and was incontinently captured. All the agony of spirit, the bitter blow to pride, the fury (deeper because of its impotence) engendered in the Spanish people by that unexpected defeat he shared. It started a fever of questioning among the alert young, and that too he shared, though he was only half the age of most of them.

The last two decades of the nineteenth century made up his childhood, but the first decade of the twentieth provided him with the impulse that has not yet worn out its force. It was a period of soul-searching and stock-taking, when thoughtful Spaniards were passionately engaged in examining all the manifestations of their ancient and beloved country to find out why she had fallen to such low estate. If, as a contemporary of Ortega's avers, the first mood of the Generation of '98 was fiercely negative, denying any good to anything, the second was questioning and constructive. Some of them sought for regenerative values in Spain herself; others felt that only by the infiltration of fresh currents of thought and criticism, fresh methods of inquiry, fresh technique of scholarly endeavor from the rest of Europe could the dormant national life be stirred to fresh vigor.

Ortega y Gasset was born in the first group but bred in the second, which accounts for that puzzling combination in his thought and his character of the *castizo* (a word, deeply significant in Spanish, which has no English translation but the pallid "native") and the broadly European. In 1906 and 1908 he went to Germany to study, and there his unusual native ability was disciplined and sharpened by the painstaking methods of German scholarship. In 1910 he was appointed to the Chair of Philosophy at the Universidad Central of Madrid. In 1911 he went back to Germany for further study.

In 1914 he produced two pieces of work whose significance can be appreciated only in

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the light of later events. The first was a speech on "Politics Old and New" which he delivered before the League for Spanish Political Education, a group whose then membership list now constitutes almost a roster of the men who brought the Republic into being. The second was a small volume of essays which began thus modestly:

> This is the first volume of essays which, under the title, *Meditations*, a professor of philosophy is going to publish *in partibus infidelium*. Some of them, like this present series, will concern matters of high import; others will deal with more modest themes; others with humble ones. All of them, directly or indirectly, will refer to circumstances which are Spanish. For the author these essays are, like the professor's chair, the newspaper, and politics, a means of carrying on the same activity, of giving rein to the same passion. I do not pretend that this activity will be recognized as the most important in the world. I justify it to myself by observing that it is the only one of which I am capable. The passion which moves me is the most vivid I find in my heart. Reviving the beautiful name that Spinoza used, I would call it *amor intellectualis*. These, reader, are essays out of intellectual love.

Two decades of that *amor intellectualis* played no small part in bringing about a revolution. Saying that he was first of all a newspaperman "cradled on a rotary press," he poured out articles, essays, pieces of criticism whose lucid prose was hardly less an achievement than the stimulating ideas they clothed. Through everything he wrote there ran that passion for Spain; not, as had been the rule in his boyhood, an unquestioning passion born of blind and complacent loyalty, but an affection that insisted on looking facts in the face, on stripping away hollow beliefs, on discarding outworn illusions, on working towards the building of a new Spain that should be in every way worthy of her natural genius and her great tradition.

He did not rest content with fine phrases or sounding sentiments. He wrote about all sorts of things — donkeys and Don Quixote, the pine forests of the Escorial, books and bread, schools and pictures and Madrid streets, and the long white roads of Spain. Once he wrote a book about Kant. He wrote about customs and ideals and government, what a state was, what the duties of a citizen, and what the responsibilities of a king. Also he wrote about ideas and life; he was a penetrating critic of modern movements in art and literature.

In 1921 he founded a magazine, *Revista de Occidente*, which became a meeting place for the eager young and a channel through which the ideas of all the world were spread abroad all over Spain. Theories and discoveries and inventions, statistics and ideas, criticism and creation in all fields were set forth month by month with enthusiasm and judgment. Sitting there in Madrid he reached out and garnered the seeds of culture wherever they matured — French art, Viennese biology, German physics, American astronomy, Pavloff's experiments and Keyserling's philosophizing, English economics, Mexican and Russian statecraft — and scattered them broadcast over his country.

The young men adored him with a fervor that amounted almost to worship. All over Spain and particularly in university towns little groups of eager students quoted him and copied him. There were plenty of people who said flatly that they could not understand him and others who said he was a dangerous agitator. Yet always his popularity and his power grew. One day a newspaper article of his was censored by Primo de Rivera's press department, and the paper appeared on the streets with a line of explanation in a great blank space. The public outcry was immediate. How dare the dictator interfere with the ideas of a man of such erudition? The censor apologized.

No Ivory Tower

When the Republic came into being — that Republic which had so long been an ideal — José Ortega y Gasset proceeded to put his theories into action by forming "for the service of the Republic" a political party whose motto was "Work and the Nation." He was elected deputy to the Cortes, and actually sat and spoke in that body while the constitution was being made.

Only men whose lives are spent in activities that are chiefly mental know how much of a sacrifice that entry into the daily details of politics meant. He and his fellow intellectuals — Manuel Cossio, who is the great El Greco expert; Gregorio Marañon, who is physician and novelist; the scholar Américo Castro; even Unamuno himself — accepted government responsibility out of loyalty to an ideal that Americans well understand, just as they can

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understand the disillusionment that came with practical politics.

It was recently reported that Ortega left the last Cortes before it was finally dissolved. Whether or not this is true, there can be no doubt that throughout the Republic's first difficult two years his great service lay in his steady insistence on the future goal of a fine state. However impatient he may have grown with the day-to-day bargainings of politicians, he never ceased to remind his readers of the ideal that lay before them. He did not lose his temper and his judgment as Unamuno did; he indulged in none of the sparkling contradictions that delighted Valle Inclan. His clear, direct vision was a beacon which pointed a steady path through Church-State controversy, quarrels over Catalan autonomy, agrarian tangles.

What he now thinks of it all he has not said in any complete and translated form, but only day to day as he wrote his articles in the press or made his speeches.

What he thought of many things he revealed a short time ago in a conversation which took place one rainy afternoon in Madrid. Notes of it were put down on paper, and while they are fragmentary, they do give the color of his mind better than anything of his yet translated into English. With all their shortcomings, they have the value of the spontaneous, the informal, the uncorrected, the verbal which plays so large a part in Spanish life, and without which it is impossible to know the true flavor of the Spanish genius.

Just as his early essays promised always to "refer to circumstances which are Spanish," so his talk, though it ranged over the world, started from and returned to the Spanish scene. There was in his words more than a suggestion that anyone more interested in actualities than in faded chromos dear to the nineteenth century would find it necessary to revalue Spain in the light of modern conditions.

"You see, Spain never accepted the Renaissance," he said. "Her great century was the sixteenth, and at the end of that time she withdrew. During that century she was mistress of the world — there was no nation living which could compete with her. But then, as the Renaissance gathered headway in the rest of Europe, Spain began to fold within herself, to go to sleep. And while modern Europe has been developing Spain has slept, has taken almost no part in modern life, has rejected modern civilization. And it is only now, when Europe is tired, when modern civilization has come to this terrible crash in the war, when there is nothing ahead but more weariness, when all this machinery clangs on regardless of fundamental values, that Spain begins to stir, to waken, to take on a new life. Her values have always been fundamentals, the values of life itself.

"Since the beginning of this century Spain has changed in a manner which is extraordinary. One usually thinks of a nation as changing from day to day; one believes that the changes come slowly, and are perceived only after a lapse of a year or a century. But that is not so with Spain, not this time. It was as though she had been standing still for years and years, and suddenly decided to move. She moved with a leap. In an instant she came to life.

"And there is no ascertainable reason. I have searched and searched for a reason which might be alleged to be the true one. But like all important questions, this has no easy answer. The only one I can assign is that with the country in the state of stupor, of coma in which she existed, there were pouring in on her from without and from within forces which seemed to make no impression, forces which in many ways were contradictory and for that reason tended to nullify each other. Suddenly, at the beginning of the century, she awoke. It was like a plant which goes on year after year repeating itself, putting out flowers of the same color, living the same life. And suddenly there is a change. One morning there is, for no known reason, a flower of a different color. In the history of peoples there is no name for the phenomenon, but one may borrow the term from biology and say that Spain is evidencing a case of mutation.

"Of course it results in strange things. Take this present government under which we live." That was 1928, and the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera was running in full tide. It was none too safe to talk openly of politics and certainly not safe to criticize. Yet he was in full tide of interpretation, and in the light of what has happened since his words were prophecy.

"The sole value of this government is that

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it indicates the destruction of the old, the impossible, that which cannot be borne any longer. We have broken with the past, and for the moment we have this curious spectacle. It is a thing of the moment. It will pass."

It did, and one of the reasons why it passed as it did, with so little bloodshed, so steady an emphasis on future ideals was that this same slender, quiet man with the fine hands and the deep eyes, who sat like a silhouette cut in three planes and discussed the world, had for years been subjecting it to the relentless light of his inquiring mind.

In the same spirit of inquiry Señor Ortega advanced a theory which touched on a favorite fetish in American self-analysis. He was talking of France and how worn she seemed. It was one of those moments when *décadence* was the advertised keynote of every phase of French art.

"France has been making history," he said, "magnificent history, for four hundred years. It is no wonder she is weary. And there is another thing very important with France. A nation must be master in order to preserve its pride. An individual, no. An individual may be very content, very happy, very self-respecting in almost any level of society. But a nation must be a leader. France has held this position, has staked her life on that card of leadership. And now she has lost it, and she feels the loss cruelly."

There was talk of the ways, the achievements, the compensations of France. And then, "The French have always had a different conception of life from the Spaniards. Pleasure they held important. *Joie de vivre* is no light expression, but a key phrase. But this is never true in Spain. If a Spaniard gives himself over to pleasure, if he takes to the delights of music or of women he will stop and pull himself together and say, 'No, life is not made for pleasure.' (*La vida no es para gozar*)."

It was as though the ghost of Jonathan Edwards were talking Spanish, and I protested, "But that sounds very familiar to me, very Puritan."

His smile flashed. "Look. Let us hazard a theory. I do not know North America. But it seems to me that in all this talk of your prevailing Puritanism there is something of self-deception. Let us look into it more closely. It seems to me that much of what you call Puritanism is not that, but primitivism. There is something strange about a new country. Take the Spanish immigrants who went to South America, the Spanish and the Italians. They were failures in their own lands. They could not adjust themselves, could not succeed at home or they would not have gone abroad. They went out to that new country and in some strange way they took on new forces, new vigor and began developing along quite different lines. Now one of the characteristics of a new country, a primitive country, a primitive civilization is that it leads a very simple life, that it has simple rules, but very firm, that it demands conformity on the part of all its people. It does not need the complex pleasures, the perversities, the highly flavored sauces necessary to tempt the palate of an old tired man — an old tired nation like the French. So it condemns them roundly. It seems to me that this primitive character and not the Puritanism on which you so constantly insist is the great governing force in the United States. Does that anger you?"

"It interests me. It is so new an idea. I should have to think about it."

"Think about it by all means. It does not seem to me possible that a nucleus so small, so insignificant as was that first Puritan migration to America can still be the predominant influence in the lives of so great a people. How could it? How could it still infiltrate into the lives of a hundred million and affect their conduct? No. I think this is one of those cases where an apparent reason is not the real reason — where history deceives us."

"But Puritanism exists and is a force. That I know."

"Exists, yes. I do not doubt it. Exists side by side with this other force, this other thing. And the two put on similar faces, and, as causes, are confused."

Inspiration Unreasoned

It was one of those sudden flashes of insight which are characteristic of the Spanish genius and which have a value strangely neglected by some of the rest of the world. In women it is called intuition, and men are apt to make of it a mystery or a joke. The approved modern model for the thought

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process seems to be a combination of French logic and German scholarship. It insists that a theory so important as this should proceed only from logical and ordered thinking, that it should be based on numerous examples from which is drawn an inescapable conclusion, that it should be heavily documented with footnotes. It despises brilliant guessing and reaches the height of its argument when it apologizes for the imaginative element in science.

The Spanish fashion, which you can hear illustrated over any café table, is pyrotechnical if you like, but it has its advantages. It proceeds out of inspiration and it lights up an idea with flashes of mental fireworks as stimulating as they are brilliant. It makes an Anglo-Saxon seem a dull, plodding fellow, devoid of any real insight into the heart of things, and sends him home convinced that more has been done to get to the bottom of the problem in one evening than he could have accomplished in a month.

And he is frequently right. The only trouble is that so often nothing comes of it. The average Spaniard of genius (and that is not the contradiction in terms it may seem) is so fascinated by the sheer exercise of inspiration that he regards it as an end in itself. It seems never to occur to him to translate his flights of fancy into action. He will go back the next night to the same café and carry on with an equal brilliance the same argument from a totally different angle. He is at once the god and the creature of the impromptu. Until this revolution the spring of spontaneity seldom carried him into the realm of concrete effort necessary to translate ideas into facts.

One of the secrets of Ortega's achievement is that he has been able to combine a high degree of this native inspiration with a persistent attention to reality. The play of his mind is a delight — and at times an irritation to the alien listener whose mental processes are slower, who is not used to such brilliant gymnastics, and who wants to pin him down with a "Yes, but. . . ." Yet there is here solid scholarship as well as mental agility. Above all there is the impressive evidence of those years of hammering away at the antiquated and comatose corpse of what he himself called Spineless Spain (*España Invertebrada*), while he was at the same time setting up the idealogical framework for the new.

It is only in the light of his consuming passion for Spain that his translated books can be properly understood and accurately assayed. They were not written for the world, but for his own country. They were not even written with a view to the present world-wide confusion. *The Revolt of the Masses* was first published in 1930, and *The Modern Theme* in 1929, and it is a tribute to the accuracy of his analysis and the prophetic universality of his thought that the world found them valuable.

Unless one reads Spanish, there is not yet any way of enjoying books of his at once more varied and more characteristic. The relentless and passionate logic of *España Invertebrada*, the beautiful precision of *La Deshumanización del Arte*, all the charm, the fire, the poetry of his seven volumes of *Spectator* papers are imprisoned in a language which comparatively few Americans read. His ideas on the novel; the things he thinks about the citizen's service to the state, politics, the lost Atlantis, women, economics, the Escorial, music, the Spanish provinces, life, history, mathematics, and the Catalan problem are all hidden except for those to whom Cervantes is possible in the original.

And this is most unfortunate, for in the very fertility and the abundance of the man's thought lies part of his value. Philosopher he is, but he has never seen men and events from an ivory tower. He is fifty years old now, and the biggest publishing house in Madrid has just issued his collected works. Taken together they present a picture of what Spain has been thinking about for the last twenty years. And what was the background out of which that thinking sprang. They show what forces underlay the fall of the monarchy. They give a mental panorama of the gathering wave of public opinion that brought the Republic into being. Here between two covers is the ferment that broke through the atrophied crust of monarchist Spain and spilled over into a revolution whose final achievements are as unpredictable as its present terms are interesting. Here is, moreover, a foreshadowing of the contribution Spanish thought may make in the future to a world grown very weary of the ways it has been pursuing since Spain three hundred years ago shut herself up behind the Pyrenees to live her own life in her own way.

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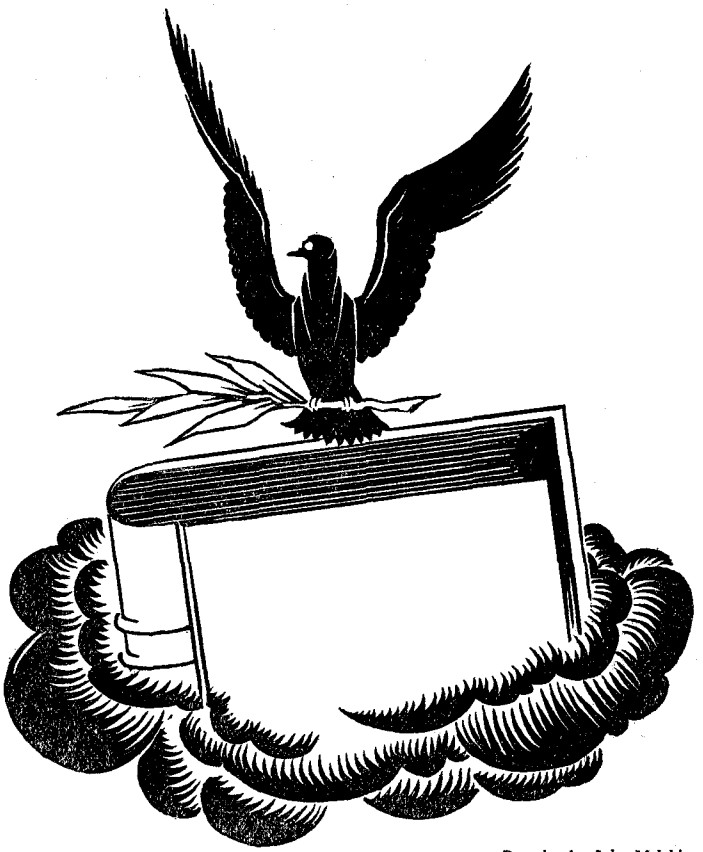

Drawing by John Melching

1933

(*Epilogue*)

March 4th: "Plenty is at our doorstep, but a generous use of it languishes in the very face of supply. . . . The money-changers have fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilization. We may now restore that Temple to the ancient truths. The measure of restoration lies in the extent to which we apply social values more noble than mere monetary profit . . ."

Over the radio in the parlor of the western farmhouse
the youthful determined voice of the new president,
and four of us listening with eyes too blurred
to see outside the window the gray silver
of a cottonwood in the March sun . . .

the new president,
born of the ballot box, swept into office past all opposition
by a baffled people . . .

saying,
"We may now restore that Temple to the ancient truths."

And the new president said, too,
that if congress did not help him
he would act without congress —

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and so we,
remembering the years when no president spoke for us,
sat with our eyes filled with tears.
. . . the fifth year of this desolation,
this starvation, this fear, these suicides . . .

And to understand a whole nation one has only
to understand oneself,
has only to watch the yeast of oneself day by day
and the germs in the yeast,
the good germs, the bad germs . . .

"I reverence the President, but I distrust his party."

"The President is a good fellow underneath it all;
he will save our system for us."

"He will give us a co-operative commonwealth
if we stand by and help him."

"Can the old ship put to sea again?
had we not better go aboard Fascism,
go aboard Socialism?"

"No boat is better than its captain and crew —
let us stick to our traditions."

I look into my own yeast,
I see the gambler waiting to play the market,
the property owner unmindful of the starving,
the fanatic preparing the bomb,
the slave longing for the despot,
the soft-heart, the quitter, who doesn't quite dare
hang himself —

I see the yeast mantle, I hear the yeast murmur
with the violence of the future that agitates it,
with what lies at the root of the future agitating it.

The ferment troubled with untellable germs
murmurs, mantles —
the germs of health
fight the germs of disease —
in me, in my country
death fights life.

But when darkness falls upon democracy the fault
is the majority's. Any way you put it,
a country belongs to the majority.
The way of political action still remains,
the power of a minority to leaven a majority
still remains.

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. . . may take a few centuries. We germs have many lives.
Corpuscles die, corpuscles get better, are reborn, trans-
formed;
majorities can become minorities.
Blood must course through the whole body,
work and happiness through the whole nation.
Science
teaches its lesson with a ruthless quiet,
teaches alike democrat aristocrat socialist fascist
giving each the choice for the children of life or death.

O my heart, are you descended only
from those that shed blood?
have you not among your forbears a peacemaker —
are there no terms, proud heart, on which you would
learn wisdom?

Does one instruct an embryo in the matter of its growth?

Humility and brotherly love
and a knowledge of corporations
and a knowledge of mass production
and a recollection of the ancient truths
and thoughtful watching of how a good vine bears grapes —
may these not be among the guides for action?

Men have more faith in money and machine guns
than in the ballot box. Money and machine guns
can sweep a street.
But a ballot box can sweep a street or a nation
if you know how to use it.

An election strips
a country naked, shows how far it has come
in the way of love and religion.
In the act of voting
an incalculable strangeness of which we know nothing . . .

Dumb instincts not to be hurried or thwarted
feel their way ahead in the ballot box . . .

the embryo of life grows in this womb.

I am of the millions who believe in voting and not in shooting,
who will die believing in voting and not in shooting.

And I am of the minority who humbly believe
we can inoculate the majority
with the good germs of knowledge,
the good germs of compassion.

HANIEL LONG

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RADIO REVIEWS

Switches in Your Stockings

BY CYRUS FISHER

"DER NATIONALSOZIALISMUS ist gewachsen durch Propaganda" candidly states the Nazi publicist, Herr Friedrich Freska; and in Herr Eugen Hadamovsky's recent opus, *Propaganda und Nationale Macht*, we have disconcerting evidence of the extraordinary assistance a state-controlled broadcasting system furnished to this "growth of National Socialism through propaganda." At present there is a growing tendency to whoop it up against the American System of broadcasting. This increasing dissatisfaction upon the part of listeners is provoked, in great measure, by the incredible lack of foresight of the average station-owner. In his lachrymose endeavors to make a profit in a business where profits are trucked only by a chosen few he is pathetically willing to float the sourest sort of garbage over his wave length provided he is paid for the time. Many honest citizens are clamoring for the millennium in the form of government control. That may or may not be the solution. Perhaps we are ready to consider a change or at least improvements for our creaking system. We are decidedly not prepared to be thrown pell-mell into government control of broadcasting until a system is devised which will prevent a rapacious, dishonest party in power from abruptly seizing control of the radio, as did the Nazis, and turning it into a fearful weapon of propaganda to sustain its own questionable policies.

CHRISTMAS CAPERS

The Bakers Broadcast, with Joe Penner, Harriet Hilliard, and Ozzie Nelson's orchestra. Ben Grauer, announcer. Sponsored by manufacturers of Fleischmann's Yeast. 2 minutes', 20 seconds' advertising time. WJZ national. 7:30–8:00 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

For comic baggage, Mr. Joe Penner carries a duck, a tag-line ("Wanna buy a duck?"), a glosso-epiglottic laugh, and a loose-nut delivery which triumphs over lines without great comic content. Inasmuch as most radio comedians have not a quarter of the baggage Mr. Penner is starting out with, this newest zany of the air should quickly attract a populous following if he will have the wit carefully to repack his baggage each week with something newer than "On a Slow Train Through Arkansas." Miss Hilliard sings several times, and Mr. Ozzie Nelson's orchestra fills up three numbers with tricky arrangements and cathedral chords.

The Swift Revue, with Olsen and Johnson, Premium Quartet, Brookfield Dairy Maids, and Harry Sosnik's orchestra. Truman Bradley, announcer. Marvin, production. Falknor, engineer. Johnson, sound effects. Olsen, continuity. Sponsored by Swift & Co. 7 minutes', 40 seconds' advertising time (please see below). CBS. National. 10:00–10:30 P.M. EST. Every Friday.

Three short commercials plus a dramatized commercial requiring five minutes to unwind to the self-evident dénouement (diving for sunken treasure, for example, and the treasure proving to be the product itself; weren't you surprised?) are death and destruction for even a good bill of lading. Loaded upon two particularly soporific clowns (i.e., Johnson: "Oh! for the wings of love with romance." Olsen, tittering: "I'd prefer chicken wings with gravy." Johnson: "I see they're still raising —" pause, "CANE in Cuba!") the result is most annoying. The two drolls pant energetically in a squirrel-mill called the "Comic News"; there are several corn-fed voices; and Mr. Sosnik's orchestra twice gallops across the barrier.

The Big Show, featuring Lulu McConnell, Gertrude Niesen, and Isham Jones' orchestra. Paul Douglas, announcer. Bell, production. Freedman, continuity. Reis, engineer. Pearson, sound effects. Sponsored by the manufacturers of Ex-lax. 1 minute, 25 seconds of advertising time. CBS. National. 9:30–10:00 P.M. EST. Every Monday.

Miss Lulu McConnell, featured comedienne: "I met a perfectly lovely southern undertaker

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yesterday." Announcer: "You did?" Miss McC.: "Yes, he said he was a planter from New Orleans. Are you dying?" Later in the program: Miss McC.: "My niece's dress was a little low cut but she was just coming out. Are you dying?" Announcer: "A single bee will lay five thousand eggs." Miss McC.: "My Heavens! Think what a married bee will do. Are you, etc." Mr. Freedman is the criminal who dredged up the murderous cure-alls repeated by the featured comedienne. Presumably, she made up her side-splitting tag-line, "Are you dying?" out of her own head, as well as the series of screeching laughs which increase the intensity of her comedy. Miss McConnell has a seven-minute skit — one I heard played around the laughable subject of a wedding night and did *I* almost die when I heard some of those naughty "Getting Gertie's Garter" snappers again — and three short dodges.

No Plums in the Pudding

Madame Sylvia and Movie Stars, featuring Sylvia Leiter, Rosaline Green, Eva Taylor, John McGovern, George Gaul, and Joseph Stopak and four-piece orchestra. Howard Claney, announcer. Bell, production. West, engineer. Stone, sound effects. R. Martini, continuity. Sponsored by Ralston Purina Company. For advertising time see below. NBC. WEAF national. 10:30–10:45 P.M. EST. Every Tuesday.

Madame Sylvia, so I am given to understand, has been absent from Hollywood for the better part of two years. Yet her radio shows, wherein each week Miss Rosaline Green does a passable imitation of a minor Hollywood star helped to fame by having her lovely body pounded into shape by the garrulous Madame, would have us believe she is currently feeding the sponsor's product to actresses in Hollywood. If for form's sake alone, a certain surface veracity should be preserved for the listeners.

Legend of America, with Gale Sondergaard, Stephen Fox, Ray Collins, Alyn Joslyn, Ted di Corsia, and varying cast. Herbert Biberman, narrator. Orchestra and male chorus under direction of André Kostelanetz. Barnum, production. Reis, engineer. Parsonnet, continuity. Pierson, sound effects. Sustaining program — no advertising. CBS. National. 10:00–10:30 P.M. EST. Every Tuesday.

The announcer declares that the "Legend of America is the dramatized interpretation of the whole sweep of American history." The interpretation has been carefully pasteurized. There is a hypodermic of drama as the cast spurts "thees," "dost thous," "odds bloods!" and "sirrahs!" which early American residents thoughtlessly imported from England, followed by several jiggers full of Mr. Biberman's grandiloquent narrative strides. This disintegrates into a sequence of crashing music. Thus we find we have absorbed another fifty-year stretch of interpretative history.

Night Club Notables

Georgie Jessel Program, featuring Georgie Jessel, with Vera Van, Eton Boys, and Freddie Rich's orchestra. Sustaining program — no advertising. CBS. National. 10:30–11:00 P.M. EST. (Maybe only a quarter-hour program when you read this.) Every Saturday.

Columbia Broadcasting System, as is true with other chains, still has merchandise on hand not yet rented out to sponsors. Following the tested business methods of the fancy house which places its unengaged stock on display in the best windows, Columbia parades Mr. Georgie Jessel and Miss Vera Van to the ingratiating throbs of Mr. Rich's orchestra for the instruction of possible callers. The parade is mostly Jessel continuing the strange case of Dr. Jolson and Mr. Cantor. When he grows sloppy about his Mom and the poor little boy who dint have no Mom at all then you know it's Dr. Jolson trampling over our hearts; when he sings, then Mr. Cantor is in the ascendancy, an attenuated Mr. Cantor without that fine comic exuberance. Miss Vera Van, the California songbird, has three prettily passionate little ditties. The sturdy Eton boys come in twice. I like them, don't you?

Broadway Melodies, featuring Helen Morgan and Albert Bartlett's orchestra. André Baruch, announcer. Sponsored by the makers of BiSoDol. 3 minutes' advertising time. CBS. National. 2:00–2:30 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

The last time (where have you been?) I heard Miss Morgan she was sitting on a piano attempting to sing to a large audience. There were two microphones in front of her face which prevented her from seeing her audience. She properly pushed the microphones away. The radio engineer replaced them. She again thrust them aside. You got the impression that she didn't give a hang for the unseen radio listeners and we, watching her, were tremendously pleased. Since then time has changed.

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My shock was profound to discover that the microphones had repaid her previous lack of consideration by making her voice an insignificant part of her equipage. *La belle* Morgan has a beautiful enunciation but that is all. The sadly sweet voice is deprived of all rapture. Mr. Bartlett's playboys take fourteen minutes for nice enough music.

Commercial Consolations

Ipana Troubadours, with guest stars, singing Troubadours, and Troubadour orchestra. Sponsored by Ipana Toothpaste Co. About 40 seconds for advertising time. NBC. WEAF national. 9:00–9:30 P.M. EST. Every Wednesday.

There are six minutes of a lively orchestra, six minutes and a half of bang-up choral harmony, about twelve minutes of guest stars, and five more minutes given to the adroit introduction of next week's artists. Usually such a program starts off great guns and winds up with an animal act. Miss Helen Hayes, conniving with Mr. John Beal, and capably serving a rewarmed section from her latest cinematic vehicle; "Doctor" Rockwell, sporadically entertaining monologist; and the comic-opera star, Miss Fritzi Scheff, shoved the two opening programs above the passing mark.

Candy Canes

Albert Spalding Half Hour, with Albert Spalding, baritone Conrad Thibault, and Don Voorhees' orchestra. Sponsored by Centaur Company. 1 minute, 25 seconds of advertising time. CBS. National. 8:30–9:00 P.M. EST. Every Wednesday.

Please do not be side-tracked by the advertisement announcing Mr. Spalding which hopefully stated: "He will discard the classical pieces for a program of beautiful melodies." As long as he continues to include selections from such masters as Tschaikowsky and Brahms you can be sure that he has not entirely succumbed to the Roxy-radio school of fiddling. Mr. Spalding has four selections, fifteen notable minutes in all. In addition, Mr. Conrad Thibault proves he is one of the most accomplished young baritones working the radio for a living, and Mr. Don Voorhees' thirty-piece orchestra provides almost too much variety for those of us who would drive all night to hear Mr. Spalding play.

Presenting John McCormack, with William Daly and fourteen-piece string orchestra. Sponsored by Wm. R. Warner Company. 2 minutes', 30 seconds' advertising time. NBC. WJZ national. 9:30–10:00 P.M. EST. Every Wednesday.

Mr. John McCormack has six numbers of his own choosing on this half-hour recital ranging from the usual Irish tear-jerkers, which never lose their magic for this sentimentalist, to mild classics and an occasional operatic aria.

Christmas Cards

Christmas cards will be sent to Mr. George M. Cohan for his wisely humorous work on "Gulf Headliners"; to Mr. Will Cuppy and Miss Jeanne Owen for their supreme nonsense on "Just Relax"; to champion word-twister Roy Atwell on "Best Foods" program; to Mr. Marion Parsonnet and Mr. Ferrin Fraser, the most able production team of 1933; to Mr. Cliff ("Scharlie") Hall, the stooge with the sharpest sense of pacing for 1933; to the C. B. S. Theater of To-day and N. B. C. Radio Guild for their promising experimental work; to Mr. Walter Winchell for his glittering trivialities; to Mr. Goldman for his band concerts; to Mr. Jimmy Durante because I have an overpowering weakness for Mr. Jimmy Durante; to Miss Helen Morgan, with sincere apologies; to Wendell Hall, whose new program will soon be reviewed in these historic chronicles; to Mr. Charles P. Hughes, whose "First Nighter" is still one of the shrewdest dramatic programs on the air; to Mr. Jack Benny and the sponsors of "Chevrolet Program" for the most delightful commercials of 1933; to Mr. Albert Spalding because he *is* on the air; to Mr. Alexander Woolcott for his increasingly amusing program; to Miss Grace Moore for her performance on one of the "Chesterfield" series; to Mrs. Ora Nichols, the most competent sound effects "man" of 1933; to "Bill and Ginger" and the "Little German Band" for their diverting musical patter; to Mr. Taylor Holmes for the most interesting bit of substitution of 1933 ("The Fire-Chief's Uncle"); to Mr. Channing Collinge for his brilliant "Light Opera Gems"; to Mr. Walter Damrosch for the soberly instructive "Music Appreciation Hour"; to the entire cast and production staff of "John Henry — Black River Giant"; and finally to Messrs. Paul Whiteman, Don Bestor, Howard Barlow, Raymond Paige, Ozzie Nelson, Rudy Vallée, Cab Calloway, and Red Nichols.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

THE PRESS

Said the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, commenting upon the Editor's suggestion in his October Foreword for a more equitable distribution of dividends and wages in the case of F. W. Woolworth & Company: "What a godsend $6 extra per week would have been for those hardworking clerks! But, what is more important, how much better it would be for our economic system if a shifting of national wealth would place it where it is most needed and where it most profoundly affects the nation's purchasing power! No doubt many of the shareholders of this particular company need the money they reap from dividends, but it is a perfectly safe generalization to say that the vast majority of them are infinitely less in need than the clerks, who work for pittances and whose whole incomes must go instantly for the immediate necessities of life.

"If the NRA does not teach the lesson that wages are more important than dividends to a nation's economic life, it will fail in one of its major objectives."

The editorial was reprinted by newspapers all over the country.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW AND OTHERS

To the Editor:

Recently I was made a mother-in-law for the third time, which means I have gone through the various phases of bewilderment, misjudgment, neglect, chagrin, and heartbreak peculiar to the position.

Failure to reach the coveted goal of perfect mother-in-law has caused me to give deep and, I hope, unbiased study to this vexing problem, and I am led to conclude that much of the unhappiness in the mother-in-law situation is the unwillingness of women to share their men. It is not easy to take second place in our sons' lives, especially considering the youth and inexperience and, ofttimes, the selfishness of the girl who succeeds us. But therein lies happiness for all parties, and second place is not so bad, once a footing has been found. In fact, there are distinct advantages.

Why can't we mothers learn to let our sons and their wives work out their own salvation? I grant it is not easy, but experience will teach them more effectually than all the advice and interference ever handed out.

I have never seen the mother-in-law problem met with more courage and a greater spirit of fairness than that shown by the author of the recent article in THE FORUM (September issue).

M. M. C.

Kansas City, Mo.

A New York City correspondent says, "The article is well written — by someone who understands a very delicate situation." ✓ ✓ ✓ And a Scarsdale, New York, reader finds it "a very real problem, one which we, like many other families, have had to meet recently. I am grateful," she adds, "for this timely and straightforward account of how one intelligent woman has met it."

A gentleman from Vernon, Texas, disagrees: "The author holds up a mirror that reflects the almost universal image of the attitude of woman toward her mother-in-law, draping it with a veil of culture and respectability. She paints a picture of refined cruelty and selfishness so true to life that it merits the rating of masterpiece. Every mother should pray for at least one daughter, that she may spend her last days in the home of her son-in-law."

The Editor has at last found an article by a mother-in-law as constructive in purpose as the anonymous article which started this discussion. It will be published shortly.

OBITER DICTA

To the Editor:

I regard it as an encouraging thing that, in spite of the desperate financial conditions which have reduced so many people to the purchasing of bare necessities of life, THE FORUM still survives. My sincere congratulations to you and the country at large.

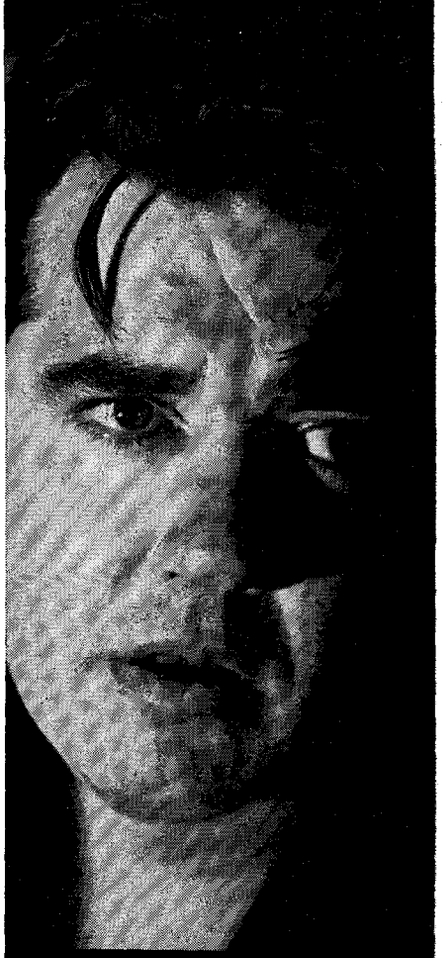
ROSS CRANE

Chicago, Ill.

Thanks, we are getting on very nicely, and the renewal percentage is increasing all the time.

Mrs. Carolyn Chapin, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., says, "I have been impressed, recurrently, with the direct, fresh style apparently set as a standard for FORUM writers." ✓ ✓ ✓ An Eastford, Connecticut, reader likes the great variety of subjects, treated succinctly, the excellent type, the handy size." ✓ ✓ ✓ A gentleman in Worcester, Mass., accuses us of carrying on "a vigorous economic propaganda for spending," which, he says, we "foolishly try to deny." We are not sure that we identify the particular subversive enterprise to which our correspondent refers. In any case he is in error about our alleged denial; we never deny anything. The same customer (he bought one copy on a newsstand) read just enough of the article "Weary Feet" to see that it was "merely a description of maladjustment . . . which shows the need for vocational guidance." Exactly! ✓ ✓ ✓ An-

Stark, staring eyes that count the dreary hours, aching for the peaceful oblivion of slumber—close them, softly, naturally, safely, by slow, firm strokes on the back of the neck with a palmful of soothing Absorbine Jr.—and drift away into blessed hours of sweet and healing sleep.



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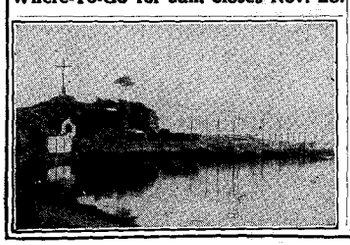

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STATEMENT

Of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of

THE FORUM
and Century

Published Monthly at Concord, N. H., for October 1, 1933

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a *Notary Public*, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared GEORGE F. HAVELL, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the *Business Manager* of THE FORUM and CENTURY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publisher*, FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *Editor*, HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *Managing Editor*, None; *Business Manager*, GEORGE F. HAVELL, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; GEORGE HENRY PAYNE, Dept. of Taxes, Municipal Bldg., New York, N. Y.; FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON, 4101 Avenue P, Brooklyn, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: JULIA BARNET RICE, ISAAC L. RICE, JR., JULIAN RICE, Trustees of the Estate of Isaac L. Rice, care of Bankers Trust Co., 16 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GEORGE F. HAVELL,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1933.

OSCAR HARRISON,
Notary Public.

[SEAL]
(My commission expires March 30, 1934.)

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OUR ROSTRUM

other reader wants to know "why we have sold out to Labor." It is hard to say why, or when.

Says a New York City subscriber, "I am glad Prohibition is going to be repealed. I intend to drink moderately on New Year's Eve and at other times. But I don't want a new generation to grow up considering brandy as nourishing as milk. When liquor advertising comes back it is going to make whisky appear as 'healthful,' or the 'essential part of a dinner,' or any other untruthful thing that ballyhoo men can invent to sell it. Other countries, where government control of liquor has succeeded, ban advertising of hard liquor. No newspaper is going to begin a similar crusade in the United States, for that would be robbing their own pocketbooks. Who will help; will you?"

A day or two after this letter was written the Chicago *Tribune* announced that no hard-liquor advertising would be accepted after repeal. This, from the newspaper arraigned by dry zealots as "America's wettest newspaper." The *Tribune* will accept advertisements of wines and beers. Until the law is changed the whole question is academic Meanwhile THE FORUM will continue to carry beer advertising. If, at any time in the future, hard-liquor advertisements appear in THE FORUM, they will be subject to the same censorship which applies to any other class of advertising, and no absurd statements will be permitted.

When the Pallas Club met at the home of Mrs. S. H. Bing, North Hill, Ohio, Mrs. W. F. Copeland nominated as the "Big Four" of magazines THE FORUM and our esteemed contemporaries, the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, and *Harpers*.

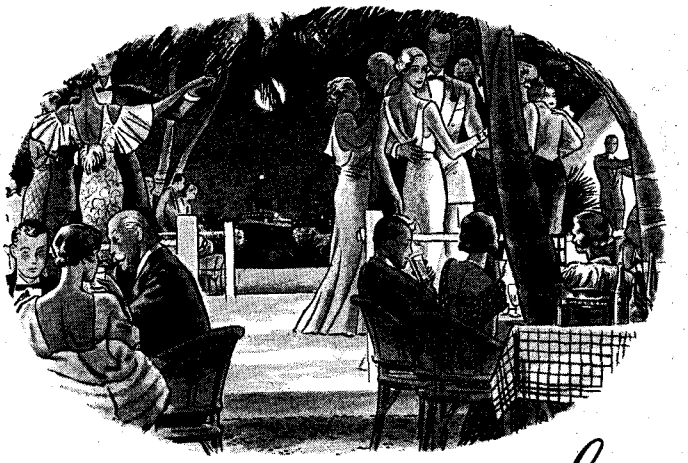
Immediately after President Roosevelt's radio address on the currency we rushed out a reprint edition of Prof. George F. Warren's article in the August FORUM. This pamphlet, published under the title, "The Commodity Dollar," is priced at ten cents and may be found on newsstands in every large city in the East.

THE FORUM beat the news again with the publication of David Ostrinsky's article ("A Five Billion Dollar Customer: America's Opportunity in Russia"—September issue). This was widely reprinted following the announcement on October 20 of impending negotiations with Russia.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN

To the Editor:

I consider J. G. Andersson's article ("Civilization is Older Than Man") a very complete and edifying contribution to the origin of man. . . . I have no



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IF YOU are like a lot of people we know, about midwinter you feel a familiar desire to sail south . . . to trade coughs and sneezes (plus a modest fare) for many-hued summer on the Spanish Main.

You'll see the royal palms of Martinique preen in the golden sunshine. At Trinidad, you can pick up many little treasures in the Hindu shops . . . Barbados, for all its British pose, blooms with tropic gardens . . . La Guayra, whence you may journey to Caracas (that seed of old Spain in the Andes), and Curaçao (Dutch as the dikes), are rich in the lore of buccaneers. At Colon: the Canal, gay night clubs, the sport of bargaining for a panama hat. . . . Finally, Havana, with its Jockey Club, its rumbas, its brilliant Casino.

And through it all, the thrill and luxury of France-Afloat . . . the spacious comfort of the *Lafayette*, her beautiful salons, her English-speaking stewards, her superb and never-to-be-forgotten French cuisine.

The *Lafayette* will make several trips to the West Indies this winter. See your travel agent. He will gladly make all the arrangements for one of these cruises, and his services cost you nothing. . . . French Line, 19 State Street, New York City.

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Coming to Happiness Valley in the land of Sunshine for the first time is similar to viewing an art exhibition at the Louvre. Hundreds of "masterpieces" make the selection of a favorite difficult. The enormous selection here includes dry, warm, sunny, winter days for the golf and tennis enthusiast; colorful desert bridle trails for the horseman; prehistoric ruins for the explorer; unexcelled hunting and fishing for the sportsman; an agricultural phenomenon--a twelve months growing season under controlled irrigation for the farmer; clear, pure, warm atmosphere for the health seeker. Phoenix and the surrounding towns of Mesa, Tempe, Chandler, Wickenburg, Buckeye, and Glendale have truly been endowed by Nature as the ideal winter vacation land for pleasure-for rest-for health.

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THE INN
At Buck Hill Falls, Pa. · In the Poconos

OUR ROSTRUM

doubt that all the fossil remains of man, including Sinanthropus, were primitive men, although of a different genus from Homo. Man is thus immensely ancient. . . . I believe that man, as such, arose at the end of the Pliocene, but that far earlier there was an anthropoid biped who used his hands for purposes other than locomotion. He probably rose in the middle Tertiary toward the end of the Miocene, when the disappearance of the forests in Central Asia forced one of the tree dwelling species to retreat to the south or become an animal hunting his prey in packs in the grasslands of southwestern Asia. All of this I have gone into in detail in my new book, *The Conquest of a Continent*, just published by Scribner's.

MADISON GRANT

New York, N. Y.

TROTSKYITES, LENINITES, DYNAMITES

To the Editor:

The author of "Our Misunderstood Communists" (October FORUM) believes that "no Communist ever did or ever will bomb a useful building." She should come to central Illinois and see the useful buildings which housed some very good citizens! Taylorville has been split wide open by bombing, agitators' cavalcades, sniping, and machine-gun warfare. The Progressive Miners of America, the rebel union which has stirred the community into a turmoil like that in the witches' cauldron, according to substantial evidence, is under the influence and guidance of the Communist Party. (Here we don't know how to distinguish between Trotskyites, Leninites, and Dynamites, but we know our Communists.) When pimply-faced individuals swarm the park, sit on the curb, and skulk through the back yards, the inhabitants are likely to understand the nature of a Comrade. If the author could be aroused in the night by the last five of our forty bombings within the past year, she would come quickly to the conclusion that Comrades are capable of more activity than "walking and talking."

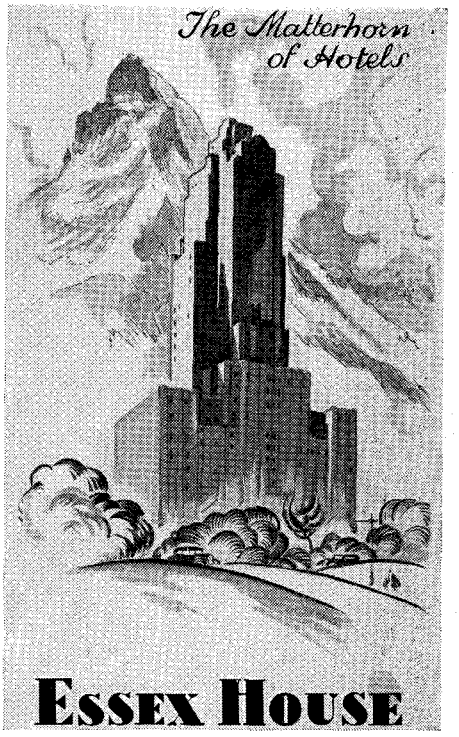
ZELMA LARGE HOUSER

Taylorville, Ill.

NO BRIDGE CLASSES

To the Editor:

Mr. Robert E. Rogers in his article, "Is College Worth While?" writes: "The average college does not even do as well as West Point and Annapolis." As a graduate of the Military Academy I thank Mr. Rogers for his admission but I deplore his very apparent surprise that such a fact should be. He may find it profitable to visit one of the schools before he again writes about them for publication. He would, I am certain, find a cadet or midshipman to show him about and quickly disabuse him of his evident misinformation of the mediocrity of the two schools.



ESSEX HOUSE
160 Central Park South
NEW YORK

•

An admiring guest, a world traveler, lately returned from abroad, tells us "the Essex House is the Matterhorn of hotels. It captures the imagination with its loftiness and charm. A view from the windows overlooking Central Park reveals a panorama of beauty seldom found anywhere in Europe."

❖ ❖ ❖

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Dining and Dancing Nightly
in the Colonnades to
Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra

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OUR ROSTRUM

He will not find, as he states in his article, classes in bridge. Whether this neglect is due to the belief of the authorities that there are more important things to learn, or that cadets and midshipmen have the average intelligence necessary to learn this pastime out of hours, I cannot say. Mr. Maurice Hindus once said after he had seen West Point for the first time, "This has proved to me the fact that if the government wants to do something really well, it can."

CHARLES W. THAYER
S. S. Hamburg, at Sea

MARY COLUM'S COLUMN

Several of Mrs. Colum's fellow critics have written to say generous things about her. William Lyon Phelps regards her "as one of the most brilliant essayists in America." ✓ ✓ ✓ Henry Hazlitt, the new Editor of the *American Mercury*, congratulates us on acquiring her. ✓ ✓ ✓ And Gilbert Seldes says: "It is good to know that Mrs. Colum will appear again. Like all the beginning writers of 1920, 'I wept with delight when she gave me a smile, and trembled with fear at her frown.'"

THE ARMS MAKERS

Walter H. Mallory, Executive Director of the Council on Foreign Relations, says of "How the Arms Makers Work" (Vita and Joseph Friend: November FORUM): "While it is perhaps true that some of the authors' individual conclusions might be a trifle difficult to substantiate, it seems clear to me that in the main they have made a good case, and much of the material which they have brought together should, in the public interest, be made more widely known."

Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, says: "I have no doubt as to the correctness, speaking in general terms, of this article. I made considerable investigation of this matter myself, last spring and early summer, and had intended to speak upon the subject in the Senate. It is one of the great problems in our peace movement."

Shortly after the issue was published an official of one of the leading American munitions makers volunteered to present the problem from that angle. "It is no longer profitable," he says, "to make munitions."

MEMO FOR ROSE MACAULAY

To the Editor:

Rose Macaulay's article, "Patience," in the November FORUM was good as far as it went, but — well, of course we should be patient with her. Being a British subject, she shouldn't be expected to know what real, unadulterated, dyed-in-the-wool patience is. The patience she writes about is of a mediocre, hybrid, and uncertain variety — like, for instance, the

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

How far? *Here are the facts*

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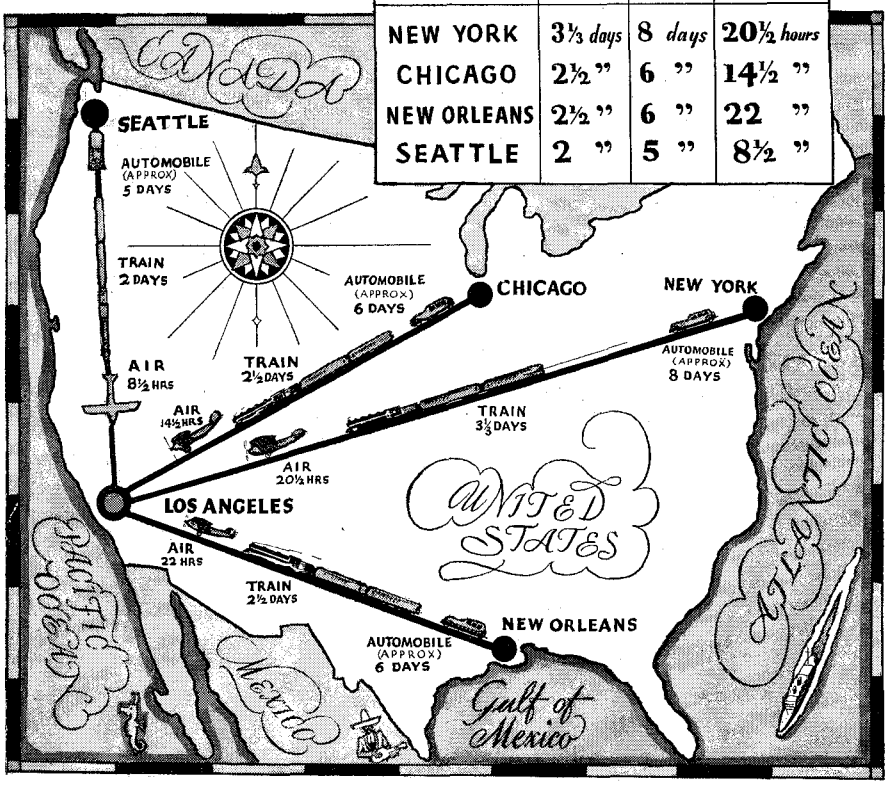
CHICAGO	2½ "	6 "	14½ "
NEW ORLEANS	2½ "	6 "	22 "
SEATTLE	2 "	5 "	8½ "



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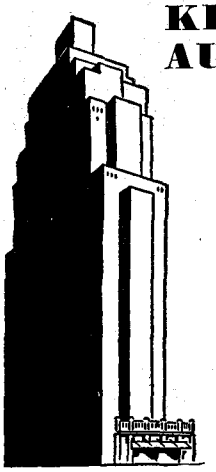

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FINANCIAL EDITOR

OUR ROSTRUM

patience of a New York traffic cop with a toothache. Here in America we are familiar with the genuine article.

For several decades, the lowest and most vicious members of the least desirable races have swarmed to our shores, bringing their old-world customs, vices, and filthy standards of living with them. But we don't care. Besides, we certainly don't want to be suspected of thinking that there could possibly be a race on this earth whose offspring could be distinguished from the descendants of pioneer stock after a generation or so of the magic spell of New York's lower East Side. Any such idea would come under the head of Race Prejudice and Intolerance, which is a worse crime than murder — for an American. The president of a huge corporation reduces the meager wages of his employees and throws thousands more onto the doubtful mercy of public charity, and then proceeds nonchalantly to raise his already excessive salary, yet the enraged (?) populace shows almost incredible forbearance. Nary an egg, not even an ultra-mellow vegetable is sent to mar the immaculate whiteness of the great man's shirt front or to mingle with the features of his noble physiognomy.

With the unbroken equanimity of a cow chewing her cud, John Milquetoast Public goes about his business (if any), pays ever-increasing taxes, reads the daily accounts of crime and political corruption, does cross-word puzzles, plays bridge, and listens to jazz and radio crooners, all without a single word of protest.

No, Rose Macaulay! You don't know the meaning of the word patience.

WILBUR J. DOWD

Madison, Conn.

LEATHER GETS RELIGION

According to *Hide & Leather*, trade publication, Mr. A. Van Wallin, Chairman of the board of directors of the American Hair & Felt Company, sent copies of the August FORUM to a number of his business associates, marking the Editor's Foreword, "Religion and Recovery." Said Mr. Wallin, "I have been impressed with the article and its unusual treatment of these relations, which we business men often forget, that are ever present between the material and spiritual. . . . I am sure it will give you thought, as it has given me, as to the real significance of President Roosevelt's Recovery Plan, the foundation of which is brotherhood. A plan to bring home to each leader of industry his responsibility for the 'forgotten man' in his own employ, in addition to his responsibility to his stockholders."

FOUR-PAGE LETTER

Lack of space permits only a brief quotation from a four-page letter anent the November issue from Battell Loomis, of Manhattan Beach, California:

"The notion — renewed by Langdon Davies' allusion to it — that goods must be disposed of quickly that new may be made and sold (in order to keep people employed) — rouses in me all the wrath I own. It should be a function of the Supreme Court to publicize the truth that only durable products are worth producing, that only work to prevent work is sensible policy, and that only by the invention of new, useful things should new employments be encouraged. To abolish useful articles by changes in style or fashion is the group-mind equivalent of the lowest type of illiteracy. . . . The world will be ordered to suit me when the common man's conveyance is a Cadillac or a Rolls Royce, rather than a cheaply attritionating Ford. I, too, want a shirt of ramie that will last like an old friend; but I want it cut to a classic pattern, superior to all fashions. . . .

"I was pleasantly surprised by Guy Gilpatric, whom I had thought a dyed-in-the-wool Seposter. . . . Reading Haniel Long for the second time, I look for more of him. He's Whitman-ing in a new way."

INTELLIGENCE . . . INTEGRITY

To the Editor:

Before we can get real integrity of the mind, it seems to me we have got to have integrity of soul, moral integrity. We are suffering to-day from what the individual concerned may conceive to be mental integrity; but it isn't moral integrity nor is it economic integrity. Haven't we got a lot of twisted mentalities? I'm all for extended study of the human mind; but I think we've got to build moral values; and to undertake to direct our path so that individuality is fostered, initiative is stimulated and rewarded. And this in proportion to the contribution it makes to the advancement of society as a whole. Let us try and develop an intelligence, an integrity, and a thoroughness of approach both as to the past and as to the present in forcing a viewpoint; lack of something of that sort has far too frequently, it seems to me, characterized the deliverances of some of those who have felt called upon or ready to exhort or excoriate us."

GEORGE W. BACON

New York, N. Y.

BOY SCOUT CHIEF WRITES

To the Editor:

I have read "How Much Do We Owe Our Children," by Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck, with keen interest, and while I think on the whole it is going to be wholesome and productive of good, I do not believe I can subscribe to all of the implications and philosophy. . . . It just so happens that, in addition to my unusual opportunity of knowing about conditions

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OUR ROSTRUM

affecting young people to-day, I have four children of my own: a boy at Cornell, a girl at Mt. Holyoke, and two in high school. Sometimes there are occasions when there are as many as twenty different cars in my back yard, all representing Young America, and while there is much to give one surprise and provoke thought, yet I am happy to say that it is my conviction that boys and girls and young men and young women are far better behaved and more earnestly and intelligently striving to take advantage of their opportunities than at any other time in the history of America.

JAMES E. WEST

Rochester, Minn.

THE GOOD EARTH

To the Editor:

Back goes memory . . . and now it is the Christmas holiday season in a small railroad town in West Virginia, at the beginning of the last decade of the eighteen hundreds, the ground covered with snow. One day, at the small station, a tall, rather gaunt, and worn-looking man steps down on the platform, followed by his wife, much more vigorous and robust. These two are world travelers, home from the mission fields of China, on a furlough. During this visit to their home people, a child, a daughter, was born.

The church councils debated the question of the missionary not returning to China on account of the state of his health. Not going back was unthinkable. The harder the work, the more he was needed. The more self-sacrifice called for, the more eager he was to return.

So they returned, the missionary and his wife, and both are buried in the good earth of China — the father and mother of Mrs. Pearl Sydenstricker Buck.

SUSAN A. PRICE, M.D.

Williamsburg, Va.

To the Editor:

Pearl Buck's illustration of the dead body of religion is as unforgettable as some of the classic passages of *The Good Earth*. And yet her diagnosis, probing deep as it does, is magnificently cheering to those within and without the Church who love the truth and their fellow men — who are, in a word, religious, whether they know it or not.

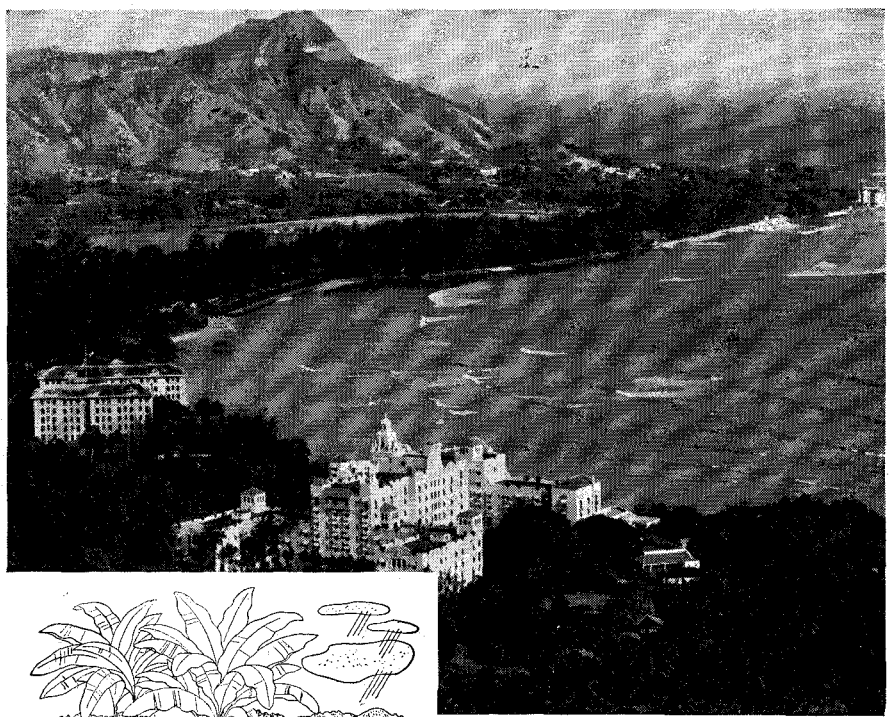
HENRY M. EDMONDS

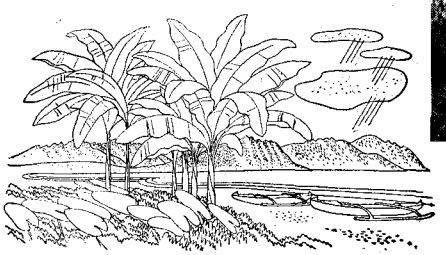
Birmingham, Ala.

AGREES WITH MRS. GILMAN

The President of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Mrs. Geline MacDonald Bowman, writes: "'Forty Leads the Field,' by Antoinette Gilman (November FORUM), is distinctly encouraging to us. . . . I agree with Mrs. Gilman's thesis and I hope her conclusions are correct."

A port in paradise





Honolulu's modern buildings, her splendid hotels and golf courses are not expected in the usual picture of a tropical paradise. Hawaii is very American in her luxuries. Yet . . if you were in Hawaii tonight . . standing watching the sea . . you might swear that here is a paradise, a paradise of forgetfulness. No more than an evening breeze would see to that —with its potent mixture of the tang of the sea, the spice of ginger blossoms, the hushed heart-beat of native music. You wouldn't be able to remember the little cares and worries that you left back there on the mainland . . away back there across the blue Pacific.

Hawaii could truthfully call December May

The thermometer seldom strays below 65° or above 85° and the water at Waikiki is always warmer than the air. ¶Golf, with more than 20 courses to choose from, deep sea fishing for tuna and swordfish . . every sport you know. ¶A cruise by ship or plane from Oahu to the other isles of Kauai, Maui and Hawaii is something not to miss. ¶There are more than 30 hotels and inns specializing in Hawaiian hospitality. And living costs are nominal.

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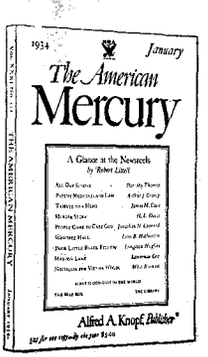

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F. DEC. '33

H. L. Mencken says of Henry Hazlitt, new editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY:

Of his qualifications for the post there will be plenty of evidence immediately. He is fourteen years younger than I am, but he has behind him a varied and rich experience in the editorial chair, and that experience fits him peculiarly for the work ahead of him. He is the only competent critic of the arts that I have ever heard of who was at the same time a competent economist, of practical as well as theoretical training, and he is one of the few economists in human history who could really write. Thus he is extraordinarily well equipped for the business which faces him, for the big show in America, during the next few years, will be carried on mainly in the economic ring, and if it is to be dealt with according to the taste of the readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY *it must be dealt with boldly, gracefully and with not too much solemnity.*

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